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No
34

Sinister TALES 1½

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SINISTER TALES No 34

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MONTAGUE T. SKIDWELL HAD IT ALL MADE. HE WAS MASTER OF HIS FATE, CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL... DIDN'T HE SAY SO HIMSELF? BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE AMAZING EPISODE OF...

The **ENDLESS ROOMS!**

STORY: PIERRE ALONZO
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY



IMPORTANT PEOPLE GET TESTIMONIAL DINNERS. MONTAGUE T. SKIDWELL WAS ONE OF THEM... AND THE DINNER THEY GAVE HIM TO CELEBRATE HIS 30th YEAR AS HEAD OF **BUTTON-WEISER & SKIDWELL, INC.**, WAS A PUSEY...

AND NOW I INTRODUCE THAT GREAT EXECUTIVE, THAT PEERLESS LEADER... **MONTAGUE T. SKIDWELL!**

HURRAH!
THREE CHEERS
FOR MR.
SKIDWELL!
CLAP!
CLAP!



...AND I OWE MY SUCCESS TO THE FACT THAT NOBODY PUSHES ME AROUND! THROUGHOUT MY CAREER, I'VE BEEN MASTER OF MY FATE, CAPTAIN OF MY SOUL...



HE PAUSED AS SCENES FROM HIS MEMORY RACED THROUGH HIS MIND. HE'D NEVER TAKEN ANYTHING FROM ANYBODY... NOT EVEN WHEN HE WAS A CHILD. SUDDENLY HE REMEMBERED THE LONG-AGO EPISODE OF THE NEW GOVERNESS...

MONTAGUE THIS IS YOUR NEW GOVERNESS... **MISS PRINKLE!** I'M LEAVING HIM COMPLETELY IN YOUR CHARGE, MADAM.

OH, WE'LL GET ALONG FAMOUSLY! A SOUND MIND IN A HEALTHY BODY. I ALWAYS SAY.



A HEALTHY BODY... IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HE LEARNED OF A HABIT OF MISS PRINKLE'S... A HABIT CALLED **SULPHUR AND MOLASSES**...

MASTER MONTAGUE, I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU LOOK ONE LITTLE BIT! HERE, TAKE THIS...





THAT WAS MISS PRINKLE FOR YOU. SULPHUR AND MOLASSES WAS HER LIFE--AND IT BECAME HIS LIFE, TOO. NOW HE HATED IT, LOATHED ITS TERRIBLE TASTE--EVEN IN THE DREAMS THAT HAUNTED HIM--



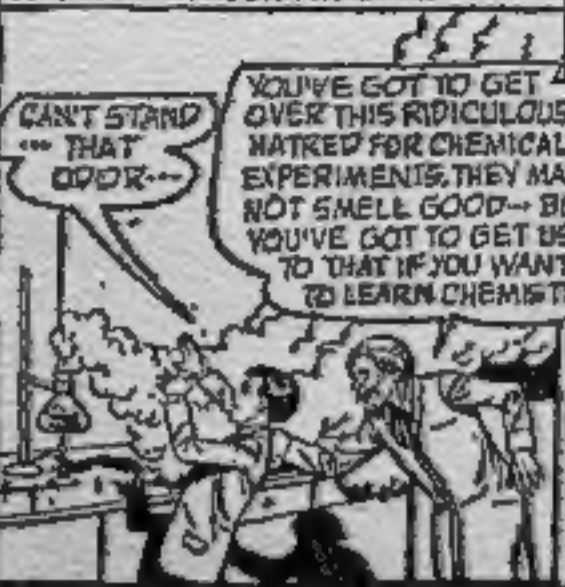
FINALLY CAME THE FIRST SIGNS OF MONTAGUE'S FUTURE. IT HAPPENED JUST BEFORE MISS PRINKLE LEFT ON HER ANNUAL VACATION--



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED--AND THE GOVERNESS PICKED UP HER BAG TO LEAVE--



HE'D DONE IT TO BE FREE OF HER SULPHUR AND MOLASSES--AND SHE WAS ONLY CLEARED WHEN HE TALKED IN HIS SLEEP, CONFESSING HIS GUILT. HE WAS PUNISHED AND THE YEARS PASSED. AT BOARDING SCHOOL, HIS HATRED WAS TRANSFERRED TO OLD PROFESSOR JEROBOAM--



DETERMINED TO CURE THE BOY, HE MADE SURE TO KEEP HIM BUSY ON CONSTANT EXPERIMENTS--



HIS INTENTIONS WERE THE BEST... BUT MONTAGUE COULDN'T STAND THE RESULTS...



BUT EVEN AT THAT TENDER AGE, MONTAGUE WAS THE MASTER OF HIS FATE, THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL. HE HAD A WAY OF ARRANGING THINGS...

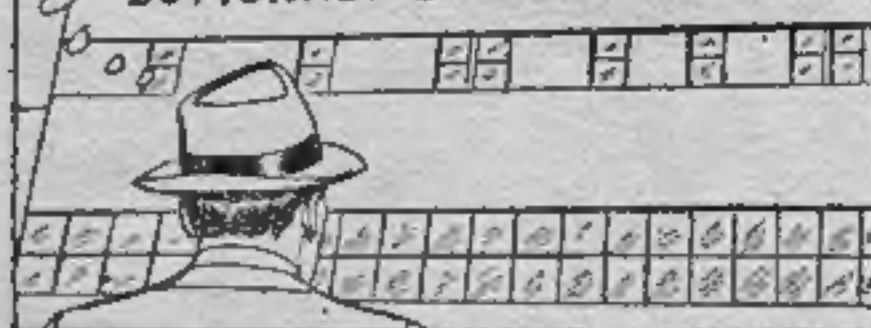
AS SOON AS I FINISH SHOWING YOU THIS NEW EXPERIMENT, WE'LL HAVE MASTER MONTAGUE REPEAT IT. HE'S GOT TO LEARN TO LIKE THESE THINGS...



FORTUNATELY, POOR PROFESSOR JERODAN SURVIVED AND MONTAGUE WAS EXPELLED FOR HIS EFFORTS. BUT ALWAYS, HE KEPT TRYING...AND IN LATER YEARS, IT SEEMED TO PAY OFF IN BUSINESS...

YES, I'VE COME FAR... AND I COULD GO LOT'S FURTHER IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT CONFOUNDED OLD PARTNER OF MINE!

BUTTONWEISER & SKIDWELL, INC.



AH, YES, HIS PARTNER... ELIHU BUTTONWEISER! HE WAS... WELL... PECULIAR...

I SEE THAT YOU'VE TAKEN OVER A NEW DISTRIBUTING PLANT, ELIHU.

YUP...YUP... WOULDN'T YOU SAY THAT WAS CLEV-ERRR OF ME, BUNTY-BOY? HEY-EEEE?



WHAT GIVES WITH THIS BUNTY-BOY NONSENSE, ANYWAY...MY NAME'S MONTAGUE! AND MUST YOU ALWAYS SAY THE SAME THING...IN THAT SAME SILLY TONE...?

YUP...YUP... WOULDN'T YOU SAY THAT WAS CLEV-ERRR OF ME, BUNTY-BOY? HEY-EEEE?



IT NEVER CHANGED...MONTAGUE FELT THAT HE WAS GOING MAD! EACH NIGHT, HIS DREAMS WERE NIGHTMARES...

YUP...YUP

CLEV-ERRR OF ME, BUNTY-BOY

BUNTY-BOY

YUP-YUP

HEY-EEEE?

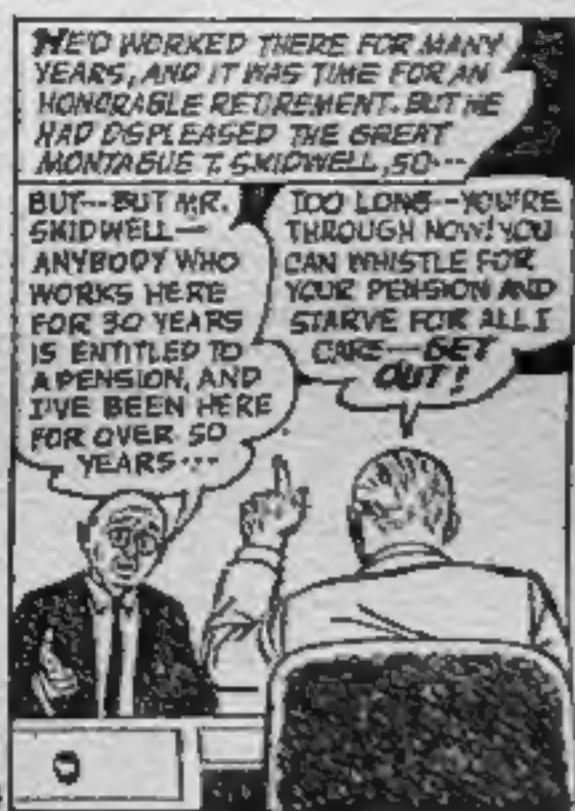
HEY-EEEEEE?



I WON'T TAKE ANYMORE OF IT! I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON HE'LL NEVER FORGET...MAKE HIS LIFE SO MISERABLE HE'LL BE GLAD TO SELL OUT!



AND SO, IN REVENGE FOR THE INNOCENT MANNERISMS HE HATED, MONTAGUE PROCEEDED TO BULLY AND ABUSE THE OLD MAN...

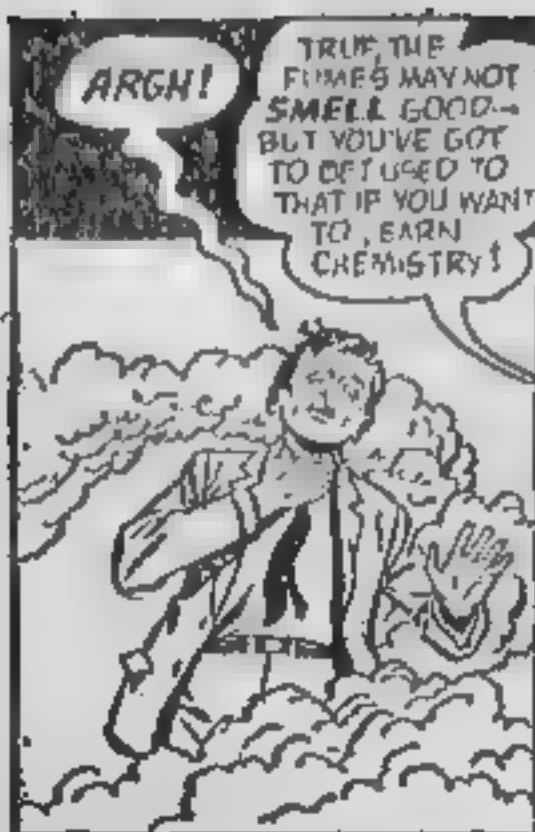




















EVERYONE KEEPS ON SAYING THE SAME THING...IF ONLY I HAD THE ABILITY TO CREATE PAINTINGS THAT COULD HAVE A GREAT EFFECT I'D SELL MY SOUL FOR IT!



AND IN A DISTANT CORNER THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS HEARD...AND LAUGHED TRIUMPHANTLY...

SO HE WANTS WHAT HE WANTS TO HAVE AN EFFECT DOES HE? I'LL GRANT HIS WISH...IT'S A BARGAIN!



BUT LEONARD CARPENTON KNEW NOTHING OF THE DREAD BARGAIN HE'D MADE. THE FIRST VAGUE INKING OF HIS NEW POWER CAME WHEN HE WENT INTO THE COUNTRY ON A PAINTING TRIP.

I WANTED AN ANIMAL IN IT BUT THAT BROKEN DOWN CON WITH ONE HORN ISN'T VERY ATTRACTIVE. I'D BETTER CHANGE HER FOR SOMETHING ELSE...



THERE! A HORSE LIKE THAT JUST HAS TO BE AN IMPROVEMENT!



NEXT DAY, HE RETURNED TO THE SCENE...ONLY TO FIND...

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF...SOMEBODY STOLE OL' BOSS AND PUT THIS HORSE IN HER PLACE!

DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE COMPLAININ' ABOUT, EPH...YOU SURE GOT THE BETTER OF THE BARGAIN!

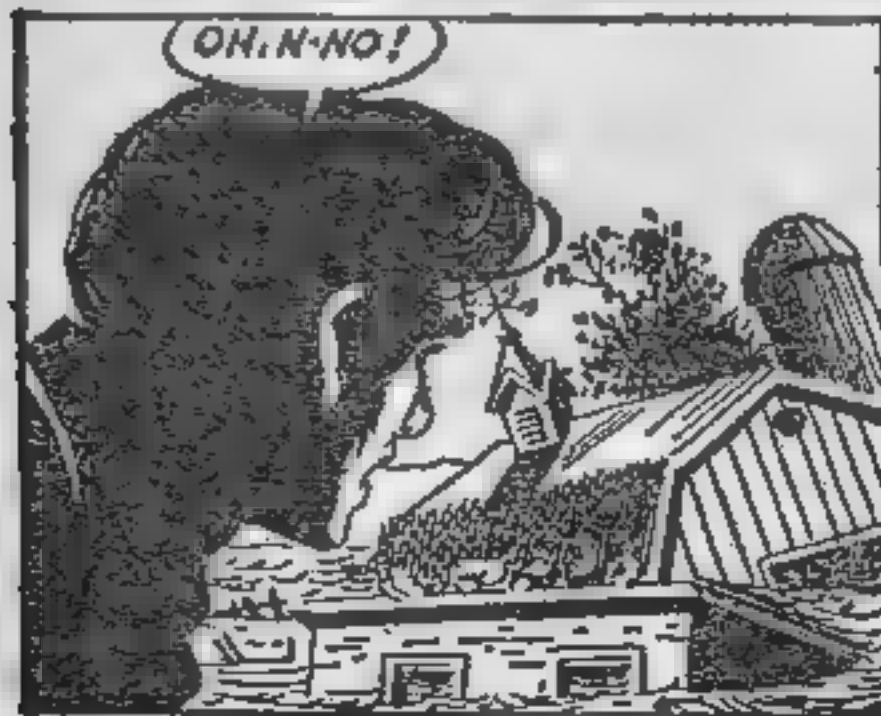


IT...IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE...THE GREATEST COINCIDENCE I EVER SAW! I'D BETTER PAINT SOMETHING ELSE SO I CAN GET IT OUT OF MY MIND...MAYBE THAT BROOK OVER THERE...



HANG IT...SO WHAT? JUST A PEACEFUL, MEANDERING LITTLE BROOK...THEY COME A DIME A DOZEN. I COULD NEVER SELL THIS ONE...BUT MAYBE IF I USED A LITTLE IMAGINATION...









WINNER OF THE GREAT CONTEST, IS
--NO. 54-- STILL LIFE, BY LEONARD
GARRISON!

GULP!

W-WHAT...



AND JUST AS LEONARD HAD PAINTED IT, SO IT CAME TRUE --

WE UH AWARD
THIS BLUE RIBBON
--TO THE EX--
FIRST PRIZE
WINNER--



BUT HONORS AREN'T ENOUGH--YOU NEED MONEY
TO LIVE. AS USUAL, LEONARD WENT TO HIS ONLY
RELATIVE IN AMERICA--HIS WEALTHY UNCLE
ENOCH--

BUT I NEED THE
MONEY--AND YOU
OUGHT TO BE GLAD
TO ADVANCE IT TO
ME. AFTER ALL,
DIDN'T I JUST
WIN AN IMPORT-
ANT AWARD FOR
MY PAINTING?

HORSEFEATHERS! I DON'T
KNOW HOW YOU EVER GOT
THAT AWARD--AND NEITHER
DOES ANYBODY ELSE,
JUDGING FROM WHAT
I'VE HEARD!



LET'S FACE IT, NEPHEW--
YOU'RE A FAILURE AS AN
ARTIST AND AN IDLER WHO'S
WASTING HIS TIME. I'M SICK
AND TIRED OF YOU PAN-
HANDLING ME--NOW
GET OUT!

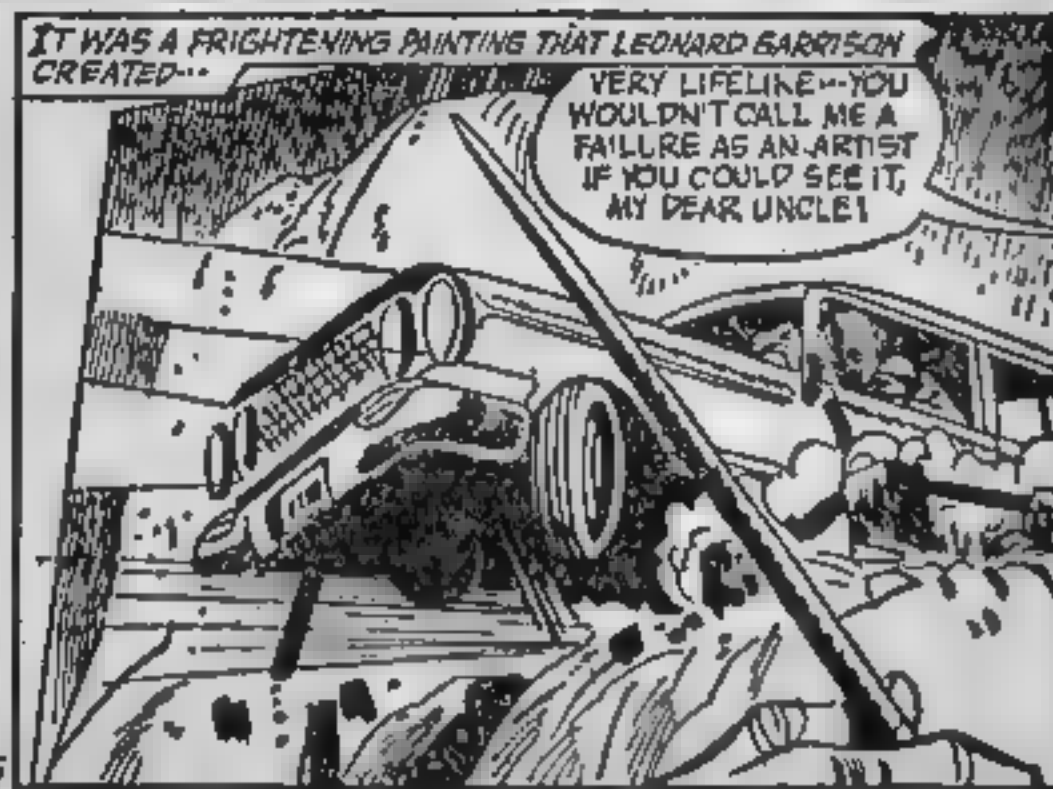


CONFOUND THE
OLD MISER! IT'S MONEY
THAT'S RIGHTFULLY MINE
ANYHOW--WHO ELSE HAS
HE TO LEAVE IT TO? HE'S
GOT NO RIGHT TO
HOLD IT BACK!



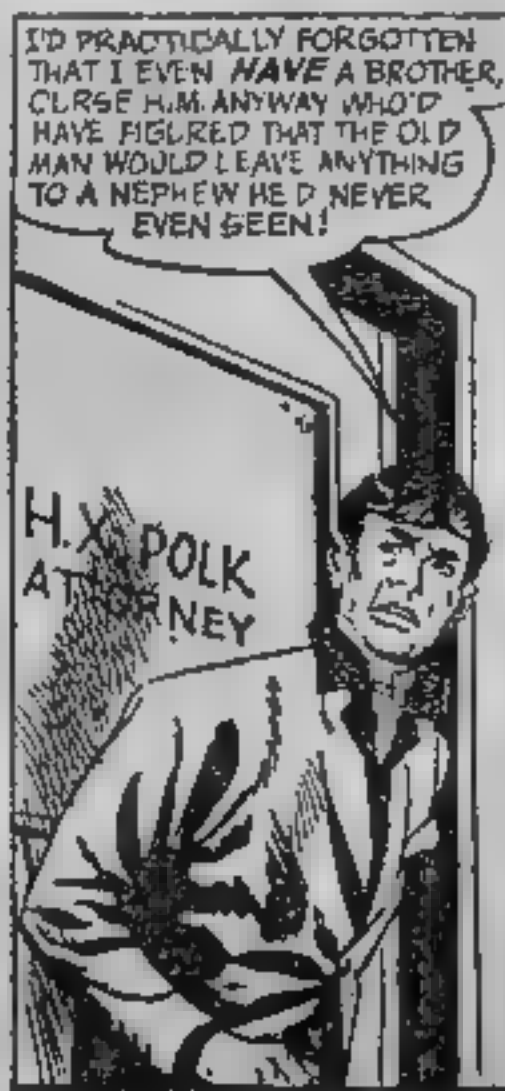
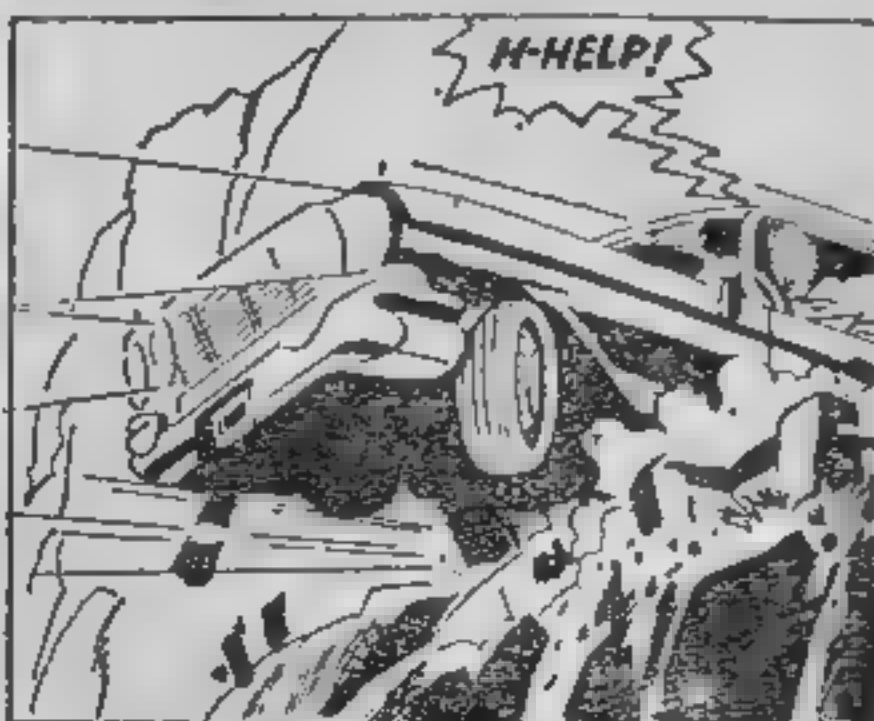
HE WAS EATEN UP WITH GREED AND
HATRED--AND AN IDEA GREW IN HIS
MIND--

YOU KNOW, I
THINK IT'S TIME
TO PAINT
ANOTHER
PICTURE!



IT WAS A FRIGHTENING PAINTING THAT LEONARD GARRISON
CREATED--

VERY LIFELIKE--YOU
WOULDN'T CALL ME A
FAILURE AS AN ARTIST
IF YOU COULD SEE IT,
MY DEAR UNCLE!







The FLAME GIRL!

STORY: GREG OLIVETTI
ART: HAMILTON



EDWIN MARLO WAS JUST A STUDENT WHEN HE HEARD THE STRANGE STORY FOR THE FIRST TIME--

WHEN DID FIRE FIRST APPEAR ON THIS EARTH-- WHERE DID IT COME FROM? ANCIENT FOLK LEGENDS TELL OF SPIRITS FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH-- FIRE SPIRITS! NOBODY KNOWS WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THEM--



--BUT WHEN THEY SCOOTED, THEY MUST HAVE LEFT ONE OF THEIR NUMBER BEHIND, AND EVER SINCE-- WELL, THERE'S BEEN A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT!

HA-HA!

HO-HO-HO!



THE PROFESSOR'S WORDS WERE SOON FORGOTTEN. EDWIN MARLO WENT ON TO BECOME A GEOLOGIST WHO MADE A HOBBY OF EXTINGUISHED VOLCANOS--

WHATEVER BRINGS YOU TO THIS REMOTE CORNER OF AFRICA, DR. MARLO?

LERODU-- THE OLDEST AND MOST INACCESSIBLE EXTINGUISHED VOLCANO IN THE WORLD. I WANT YOU TO LAND ME AS NEAR TO IT AS YOU CAN GET.

THE ONLY LANDING PLACE WAS NEAR A NATIVE VILLAGE MILES DISTANT FROM THE CRATER. HERE MARLO TRIED TO RECRUIT NATIVE GUIDES-- BUT THE PEOPLE SEEMED SHIFTY--

WANG IT, WONT ANY OF YOU GO WITH ME? WHAT IS THERE ABOUT LERODU THAT SEEMS TO SCARE YOU?



HE GOT A CLUE WHEN HE HEARD AN OLD MAN TELLING A STORY TO THE CHILDREN--

AI, IT IS TRUE! WITHIN THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH DWELL THE SPIRITS OF THE FLAME--AND THEY CAN COME TO THE SURFACE ONLY THROUGH THE DEEP OLD CRATER OF LERODU!









DOWN THE LONG, EVENTFUL HISTORY OF MANKIND THE IDEA OF UTOPIA PERSISTS! UTOPIA, THE PERFECTLY ORGANIZED STATE RULED BY AN ALL-WISE, ALL-POWERFUL GOVERNMENT! BEN HARRON DREAMED OF IT, TOO -- THE GOLDEN AGE GOVERNED BY SCIENTISTS! BUT DREAMS CAN BECOME NIGHTMARES -- ESPECIALLY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF --

THE STRANGE BARRIER!



78 GOVERNMENT SCIENTIST SPECIALIZING IN NERVE GASES, BEN HARRON STUMBLED UPON HIS FANTASTIC DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT --

UNBELIEVABLE! THE REACTION IS FAR TOO STRONG! THERE MUST BE SOME IMPURITIES IN THE COMPOUND!

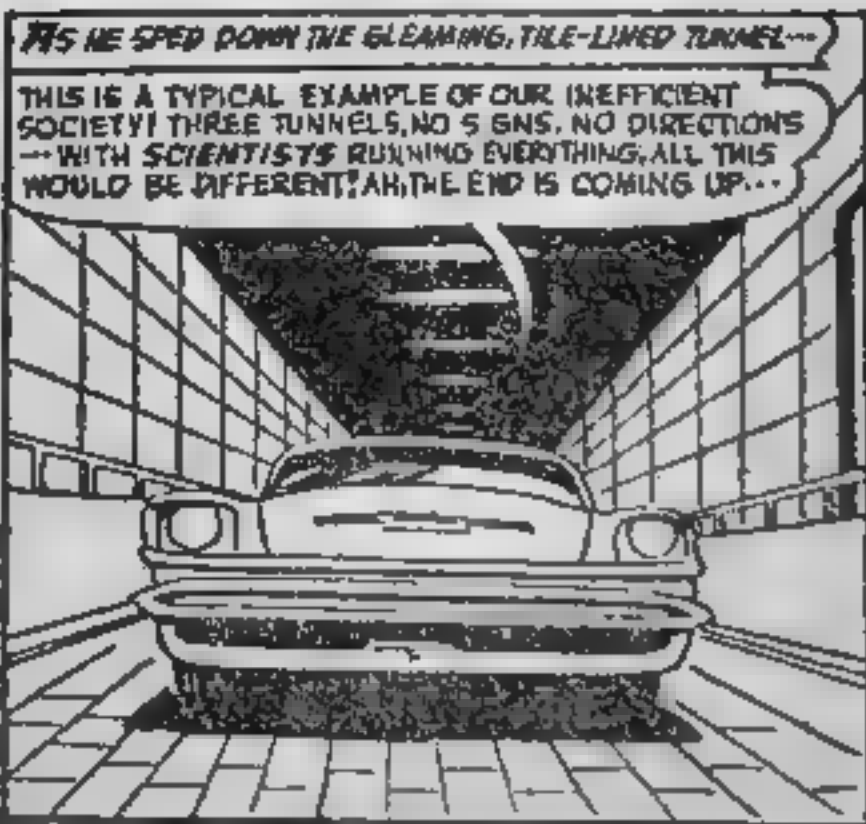


AFTER CHECKING OUT HIS COMPLEX FORMULAS --

IF THESE FIGURES ARE CORRECT, THE GAS PARALYZES THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM -- BUT LEAVES THE INDIVIDUAL CAPABLE OF RESPONDING TO ORDERS! IN OTHER WORDS, PEOPLE BECOME ROBOTS WHO'LL RESPOND TO EVERY COMMAND!

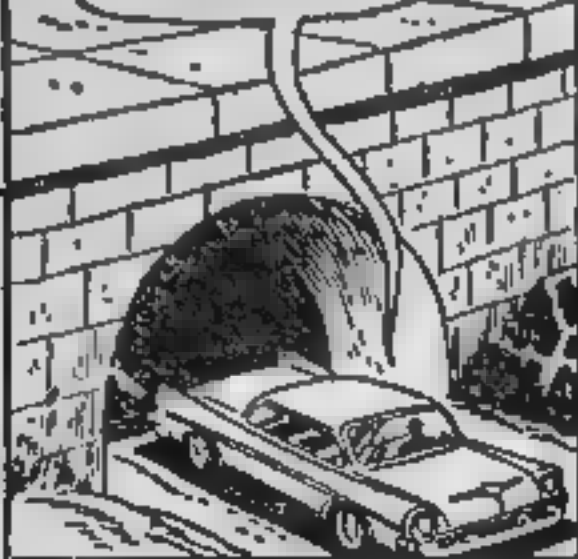






AS HE CAME OUT THE OTHER SIDE--

WHAT THE...! IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT! DAY COULDN'T HAVE COME UP SO FAST! NOTHING BUT DESERT AHEAD--AND NO ROAD! I'D BETTER GET OUT AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



HE'D ONLY WALKED FOR A FEW MINUTES WHEN--

IN MY CLOTHES THEY'VE SUDDENLY CHANGED! I...I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND! THIS IS THE GARB OF AN...ANCIENT EGYPTIAN!



BEFORE HE COULD REASON THE SITUATION OUT

THERE'S ONE -- A RUNAWAY SLAVE -- SEIZES HIM!

WHY WHO ARE THOSE PEOPLE?



PLEASE, TELL ME WHAT ALL THIS MEANS! WHO ARE--?

SILENCE, KNAVE! COME WITH US!



IMPOSSIBLE! THIS CAN'T BE-- ANCIENT EGYPT!

FOUND ANOTHER RUNAWAY SLAVE, BUT PUT HIM TO WORK-- AND WORK HIM HARD!



WHEN AN INNER PRISONER, BRUTAL DISCIPLINE FOLLOWED! HE FOUND HIMSELF LASHED TO A STONE, FORCED TO ENDURE BACKBREAKING TOIL--

I...I'M ACTUALLY PRESENT AT THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMIDS! BUT I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS-- I'M READY TO COLLAPSE!





BACK AT THE TUNNEL OPENING, HE FELL ACROSS THE WHEEL, EXHAUSTED...

I--WAS ALMOST A GONER! THOSE IDIOTS VICTIMS OF SUPERSTITION! BUT I SEE NOW THAT ABSOLUTE RULE HAS CERTAIN LIMITATIONS--BUT ONLY IF THE RULERS ARE IGNORANT!



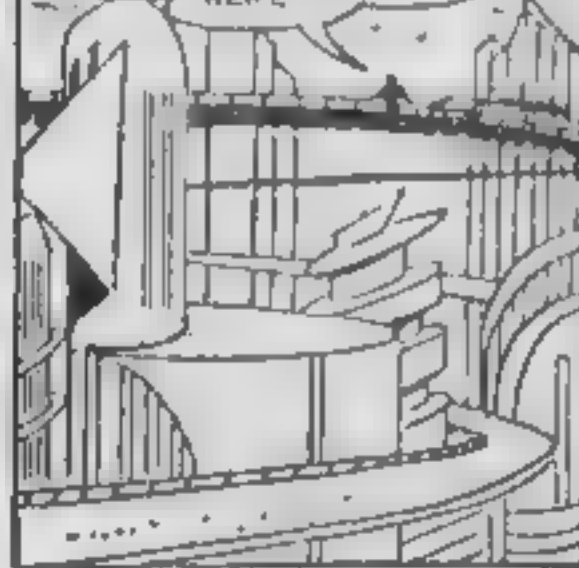
WHEN HE'D RECOVERED, HE REALIZED THAT HE WAS STILL LOST

WHICH TUNNEL TO TAKE NOW? THE LEFT TOOK ME INTO THE PAST-- WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I TRAVEL TO THE RIGHT?--WELL, HERE'S WHERE I FIND OUT--



THE TRIP THROUGH THE TUNNEL PASSED SWIFTLY, AND ON THE OTHER SIDE--

I AM IN THE FUTURE! SO THAT'S WHAT ARCHITECTURE WILL BE LIKE! IT'S BEAUTIFUL! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT HOW THINGS ARE RUN HERE!



WITHIN THE STREETS OF THE GLEAMING CITY--

EXCUSE ME, SIR--I AM A TRAVELER FROM A FAR COUNTRY! I WISH TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION OF YOUR CITY!

GLADLY, STRANGER! AMONG US, SCIENCE RULES! ALL CHILDREN ARE CHOSEN EARLY FOR CERTAIN JOBS, DEPENDING ON THEIR ABILITY!



AS HE LISTENED, HE COULD ONLY MARVEL AT WHAT TO HIM WAS ABSOLUTE SOCIAL PERFECTION--

AN INDIVIDUAL'S OWN CHOICE OF CAREER DOESN'T COUNT--EVERYTHING IS DECIDED BY OUR WISE MASTERS! THERE IS A PUNCH CARD FOR EACH OF US IN THE CENTRAL BUREAU, WHICH ARRANGES OUR MARRIAGES AND EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDING TO PLAN!

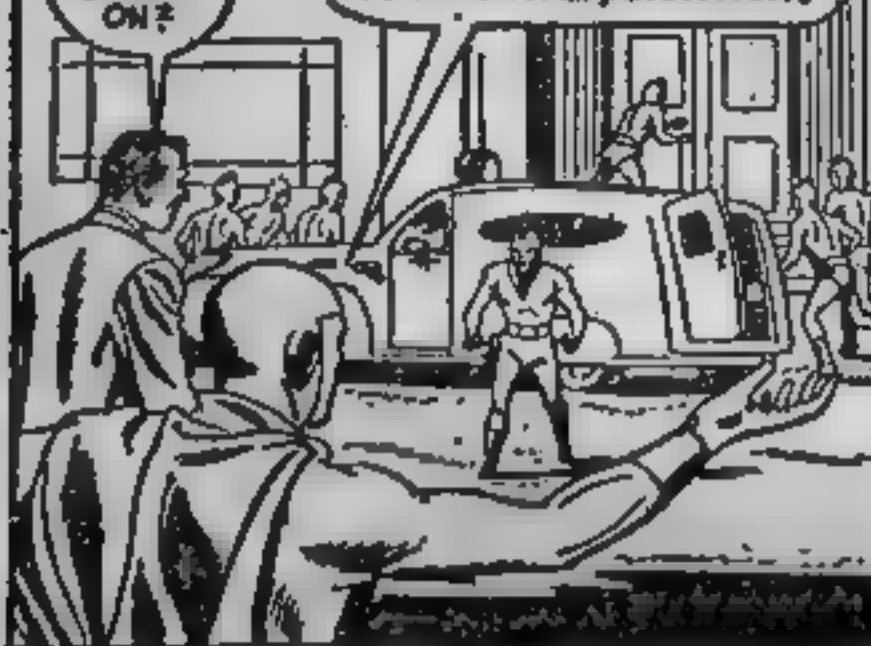
WONDERFUL!



SUDDENLY, A FLEET OF POLICE VEHICLES SCREECHED INTO THE STREET--

WHAT'S GOING ON?

THEY'RE ACTING ON ORDERS FROM THE CENTRAL BUREAU--IT'S ANOTHER LIQUIDATION!



HE LISTENED TO THE EXPLANATION WITH GROWING HORROR--

THE HARVEST HAS JUST BEEN ESTIMATED--AND THEY'VE DECIDED OUR POPULATION IS TOO LARGE BY 7%! SO THEY'RE ROUNDING UP 7% OF THE PEOPLE TO BALANCE THE BOOKS!



APPALLED, BEN NARROW WATCHED THE PITIFUL SCENE...

MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN... THEY'RE GOING TO BE LIQUIDATED AND THEY DON'T EVEN COMPLAIN!

OF COURSE NOT! THE WISE MEN KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR US!



YOU? YOUR PAPERS, PLEASE!

I... I HAVE NO PAPERS! I'M A STRANGER HERE!



EVEN STRANGERS HAVE PAPERS! YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME!

THEIR CENTRAL BUREAU... HOULDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE! I'D BETTER RUN FOR IT!



HE MUST BE AN ENEMY SPY! HE MUSTN'T ESCAPE!

IF ONLY I CAN GET TO THE CAR! PLEASE, GIVE ME STRENGTH...



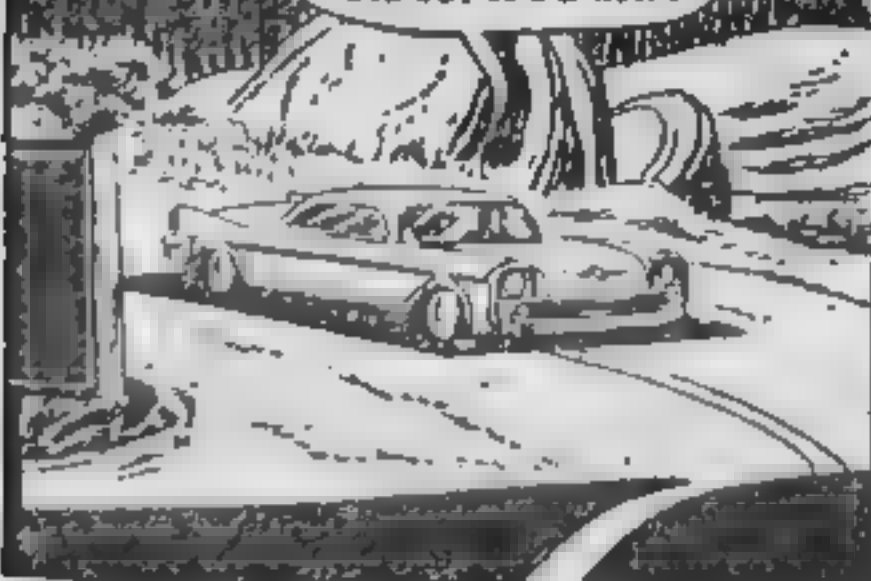
SOMEHOW, HIS PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED! AT TOP SPEED, HE RACED BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL...

I... I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND NOW! NERVE GAS IS A MENACE—THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT EVIL PURPOSE IT MIGHT BE PUT TO!



AND SO BEN NARROW FINALLY TOOK THE MIDDLE TUNNEL, AND FOUND HIMSELF ONCE MORE IN THE PRESENT! ALL AT ONCE, THE ROAD BECAME FAMILIAR...

YES, I RECOGNIZE WHERE I AM NOW—I'LL BE ABLE TO GET HOME IN A JIFFY! I KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO NOW!



NEXT MORNING, IN THE LAB, HE DESTROYED EVERYTHING, LEAVING NO TRACE...

HUMANITY HAD BEEN Muddled ALONG IN ITS OWN WAY... BECAUSE THE EVIL MY NERVE GAS CAN DO FAR OUTWEIGHS ITS POSSIBLE GOOD! ONE THING IS CLEAR—MEN WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE SLAVES!



THE TIME TURNER

This is another in a series of stories connected with research into what we call the Supernatural, the Land of Fantasy, the Impossible, and the Occult. Each story is a separate adventure or experience which we have had. I think it best that I introduce ourselves. I am Dr. John Boyle. My associate and close friend is Professor Roger Hollander. We both work under a grant from the Saxon Foundation.

The late Benjamin Saxon had traveled through many of the countries of the Orient. He was deeply interested in penetrating what he called: "The Region Beyond." However he wanted to be certain to have a scientific investigation of every incident. Because as he once remarked, "There are fakes and frauds around us. They must be exposed to protect the public."

There are two conditions under which we work. The first is where a government asks for our services. The Board of Directions of the Saxon Foundation considers the request. If approved, the necessary funds are set aside and we then set out on our journey. However, there is another condition for which our services are available. An individual may want to have something investigated. He agrees to pay all expenses and the two of us handle the problem.

Don Hallows, of the State Department, contacted the Saxon Foundation. Asked that we both come to Washington at once. One of the countries in South America needed our help in an important matter. So we took a plane and landed at the airport outside of Washington. I had met Don Hallows before when we had done a special investigation for our government. He was waiting for us with a car.

"It is a very urgent matter," he informed us as we sat next to him in a luxurious car. "We are going right over to the embassy of the country concerned. Senor Joe Ricardo has been sent as a special envoy from his country to handle this matter. He will explain it to you."

Half an hour later we were in the embassy building. We were introduced to the special envoy and he told us the situation.

"We are a small and proud nation in South

America. We are not rich and our people work very hard. Some two years ago a scientist calling himself Walter Henrich came to our country. He has been doing work concerning ultra-sonic wave lengths. In fact he has helped some of our scientists at our National University.

Last month he came to me and told me he had discovered something of tremendous importance. He had found a way to bend back a ray of light that had left the earth years ago. To be specific, he could turn back time and watch any historical event. There were more adjustments to be made on his apparatus and this would require a lot of money.

So for the present he wanted money and a lot of it. He used his machine to focus on an event that happened in 1702. The largest ship in the service of Spain, La Monista, set sail from our land. At that time we were a possession of Spain. This was loaded with gold bars, diamonds, pearls, and other rare items. In today's evaluation it could be said, from the records we have, that the ship carried about a hundred million dollars in gold. In addition to half that amount in precious stones.

Walter Henrich says he knows just where this ship is — only a few hours after she left port a terrible storm arose, and the ship sank with all people aboard. This ship is said to be in our territorial waters. We are offered a contract. We will get ten per cent of the wealth. He gets the rest. Furthermore, he says he could find lost treasures all over the world and thus become the richest and most powerful individual on the face of this earth. I told him before I would sign the contract in behalf of our nation that I would want outside expert advice. That is why I asked your government to procure your services for us."

We were taken to a large beautiful building outside of the capital city which was also the chief seaport of the nation. We remained there for three days. Then we were taken to a laboratory which had been built by Walter Henrich. He was a middle aged stout but athletic type of man. He greeted us warmly.

"I have read your reports," he smiled. "It is a pleasure to meet the two of you in person. Follow me and I shall show you my work."

We went into a large room that was covered with a lot of apparatus that reminded you of a combination—radio—radar—and TV set-up. He had three men in the room and they were busy adjusting dials. In front of me was a small screen.

"I still have a fix on the ship," said one of his assistants.

We waited for about ten minutes. Light beams flashed across the screen. And then we saw a dim picture of the ship. Watched her being loaded, and set sail for Spain. Then the storm took place and we saw the ship sink.

"I have figured out exactly where the ship is resting," said Walter Henrich. "I also have a small salvage ship ready to go into action as soon as the agreement is signed."

Senor Jose Ricardo, Professor Roger Hollander, and myself went into a small room to discuss the matter. It was Professor Hollander who made a very sensible suggestion.

"Your country has nothing to lose by accepting the offer. Sign the agreement at once. However stipulate that the two of us are to be aboard the salvage ship. Also yourself since you want to check on the items."

Three small destroyers protected the salvage ship as two divers went to work. They brought up box after box filled with gold bars. And also old chests that were overstuffed with precious stones. A careful check was made on the items. They were then taken ashore and deposited in the vaults of the National Treasury. It took a week and a half to bring all that vast treasure to the surface. Walter Henrich was a very happy man.

"Next I shall go to Egypt and find the old treasure ships of Rameses The Second," he told me. "However we shall bring this money that is ours to Switzerland and deposit it there for safe keeping. We will make arrangements to sell those precious stones. I want to thank you two experts for your kindness. My invention will change the world."

We were tired and went back to our rooms in that beautiful building outside of the capital city. Professor Roger Hollander looked at my face.

"Something is bothering you?" he asked.

"A lot of things," I replied. "Granted you could build a device to turn back time. And that the scene we saw about the loading of the ship, its sailing, and its sinking was authentic. But it could also be faked. Use a strip of an old film."

"But the treasure was in the ship," pointed out my associate.

"Was it?" I demanded. "They could have had that treasure in the first place. Kept sections of it in the hold. The divers took it down with them. Or they might have sunk it there before hand. There is something about all this that just doesn't add up. Something bothers me but I can't tell you what."

There was a knock at our door. A man in a chauffeur's outfit spoke to me. A car was being put at our disposal and he would drive us and show us the sights. He smiled. Once and then twice.

"I know what's wrong," I half shouted. "Quick. We must see Senor Jose Ricardo at once."

We were driven to his office and I came right to the point.

"I can prove this is a fake. I think I can get some experts from my country to show that the apparatus was rigged to exhibit part of a film for us. But definitely it is a fake."

"Granted what you say is so," demanded Senor Jose Ricardo. "Explain to me why they went to all this trouble to get what is already theirs?"

It was my associate who figured out a logical answer to that one.

"Because their title to it must be illegal. By doing this they turn their possession of the gold and the gems into an apparent legal title. They have some use for that money and we can take a few guesses. I would like to know more about Walter Henrich. At present give them nothing and put them under arrest. I will have those experts here within three days. And I will prove it was faked."

Three days later the experts arrived. They ripped the apparatus apart and found the concealed motion picture projector. Also a strip of film. Which we later identified as a section coming from a picture made years ago in the United States, called "Ships of the Spanish Main." The rest of the story we got from one of the "assistants". He talked and talked plenty. They were all Nazis who had escaped in two submarines carrying the loot from Germany. The submarines were sunk and the loot brought ashore and concealed. Held there for years. Then this plan was finally devised — and it almost worked.

"What made you suspicious in the first place?" asked Senor Jose Ricardo.

"I saw something on the film. One of the sailors opened his mouth. He should have kept it closed. He had a gold cap on a tooth. Then your chauffeur came to us. He smiled. He had a gold cap on a tooth. My subconscious had spotted that first gold cap. It came to my mind — and it had to be a fake."

THUN LND

YOU'VE HEARD THE TERM MEDIUM BEFORE...APPLIED TO A PERSON IN DIRECT CONTACT WITH THE FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN! HERE'S THE THRILLING TALE OF A VERY SPECIAL KIND OF MEDIUM, KNOWN IN FOLK LORE AS...

NO MAN who COULD FORETELL DEATH!



ART
-by-
TOM
HICKEY

STORY:
ZEV
ZIMMER

HERBERT FLEMING, OF CATALAN, ILLINOIS, STARTED OUT IN LIFE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER BOY OF THE 1840'S...PERHAPS A BIT MORE UNDISTINGUISHED THAN MOST...

HERBERT? NO, HE'S NO TROUBLE. A QUIET BOY... RATHER ORDINARY...



THEN CAME THE FIRST HAPPENING WHICH CATAPULTED HIM TO ATTENTION...

HURRY, HERBERT, IF YOU WANT TO MEET GRAND-MOTHER! HER TRAIN SHOULD BE COMING IN ABOUT NOW!

IT'S NEVER COMING IN! GRANDMA'S DEAD... SHE'S D-DEAD!



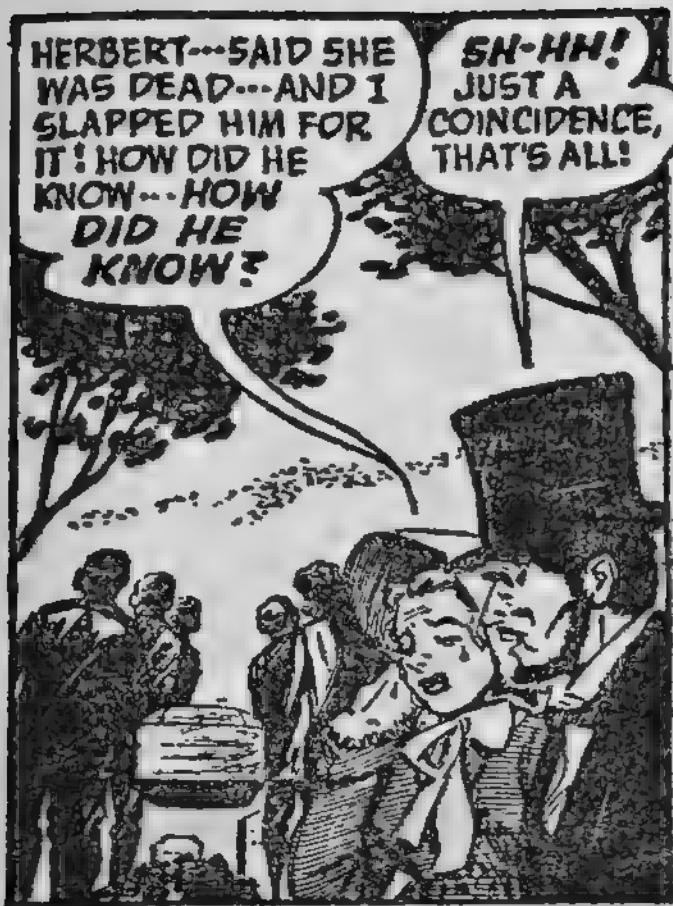
YOU CAN BE SURE HE WAS SLAPPED SOUNDLY AND LEFT BEHIND FOR SAYING SUCH A TERRIBLE THING...BUT DOWN AT THE DEPOT...

WHAT CAN BE DELAYING THE TRAIN? YOU DON'T THINK SOMETHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED?



YES, SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED, SOMETHING TRAGIC... THIS...





HERBERT...SAID SHE WAS DEAD...AND I SLAPPED HIM FOR IT! HOW DID HE KNOW...HOW DID HE KNOW?

SH-HH! JUST A COINCIDENCE, THAT'S ALL!

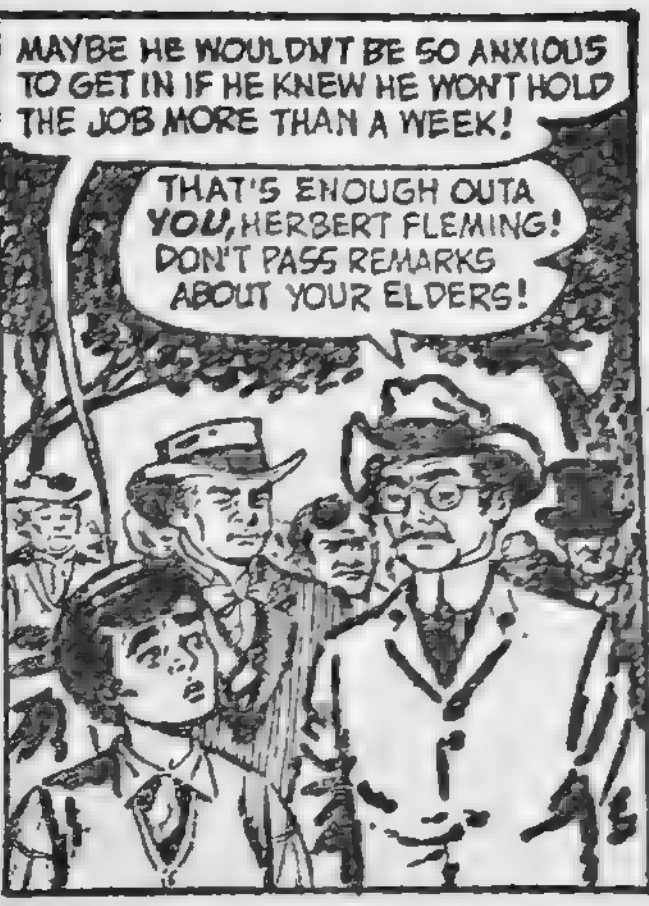


BUT A FEW YEARS LATER, SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT JUST COULDN'T BE PASSED OFF AS COINCIDENCE. GUY BLACK WAS RUNNING FOR SHERIFF...

...AND IF I'M ELECTED, YOU VOTERS WILL GET THE PROTECTION YOU DESERVE!

HURRAH!

HE'S A CINCINCH TO BE ELECTED!



MAYBE HE WOULDN'T BE SO ANXIOUS TO GET IN IF HE KNEW HE WON'T HOLD THE JOB MORE THAN A WEEK!

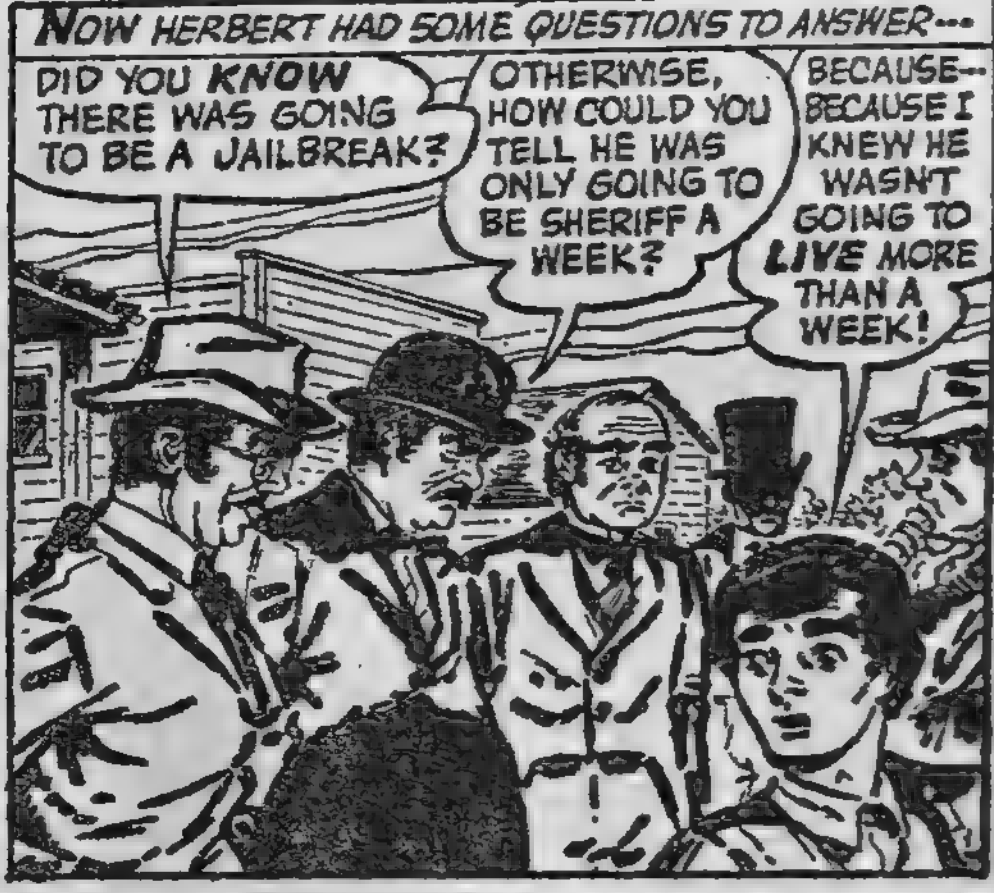
THAT'S ENOUGH OUTA YOU, HERBERT FLEMING! DON'T PASS REMARKS ABOUT YOUR ELDERS!



BLACK WAS ELECTED...BUT WITHIN A WEEK, PERISHED IN A JAILBREAK...

STOP, IN THE NAME OF... ARGH!

BAM! BAM!



NOW HERBERT HAD SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER...

DID YOU KNOW THERE WAS GOING TO BE A JAILBREAK?

OTHERWISE, HOW COULD YOU TELL HE WAS ONLY GOING TO BE SHERIFF A WEEK?

BECAUSE-- BECAUSE I KNEW HE WASN'T GOING TO LIVE MORE THAN A WEEK!



HOW?

I D-DON'T KNOW! IT... IT'S JUST THAT I CAN LOOK AT A PERSON WHO'S GONNA DIE SOON--AND SOMEHOW... I CAN FEEL IT!



AFTER THIS, PEOPLE GAVE YOUNG HERBERT A WIDE BERTH, VIEWING HIM WITH SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR...

HE WAS SHUNNED, ISOLATED...

HEY, FELLAS, CAN I GO FISHIN' WITH YOU...?

I...I GUESS I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE FISHIN' TODAY!

I JUST REMEMBERED...I GOT AN ERRAND...

THE FISH AREN'T BITIN', ANYWAY!



I KNOW WHY THEY'RE DOIN' IT! I'VE GOTTA LEARN TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT AND NEVER LET FOLKS KNOW ABOUT THIS...THIS **POWER** I'VE GOT!



HE WENT THROUGH THE CIVIL WAR AS A UNION SOLDIER...

...AND REMEMBER, YOU'RE GOOD FIGHTING MEN AND YOU STAND A GOOD CHANCE OF COMING THROUGH ALIVE!

THAT'S MORE THAN YOU'LL DO. YOU'RE GOING TO DIE IN TOMORROW'S BATTLE!



SOMETIMES HIS HEART ALMOST BROKE UNDER THE WEIGHT OF HIS FATAL KNOWLEDGE...

THINGS ARE GONNA BE GREAT FOR ME AFTER THE WAR. I'M GONNA OPEN UP A LITTLE STORE IN INDIANAPOLIS...

HE'LL NEVER LIVE TO CARRY OUT HIS PLANS! HE'LL DIE ON JULY 2ND AT GETTYSBURG...



FINALLY...IN A SKIRMISH WITH LEE'S TROOPS A FEW DAYS BEFORE APPOMATOX...

GOT YUH, YANK!

OH-HHHH...

BAM!



HE RECUPERATED SLOWLY IN A WASHINGTON HOSPITAL...

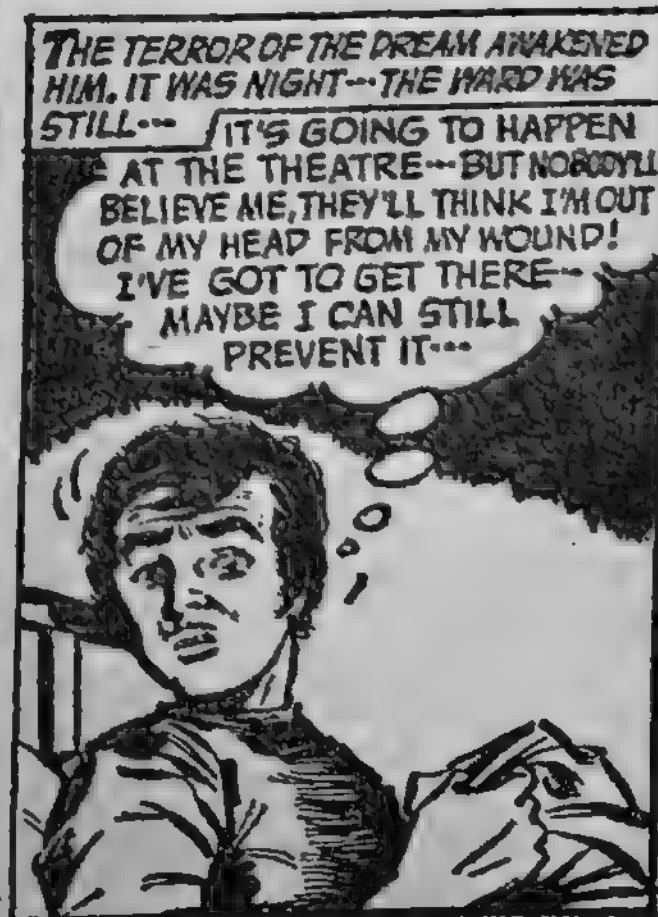
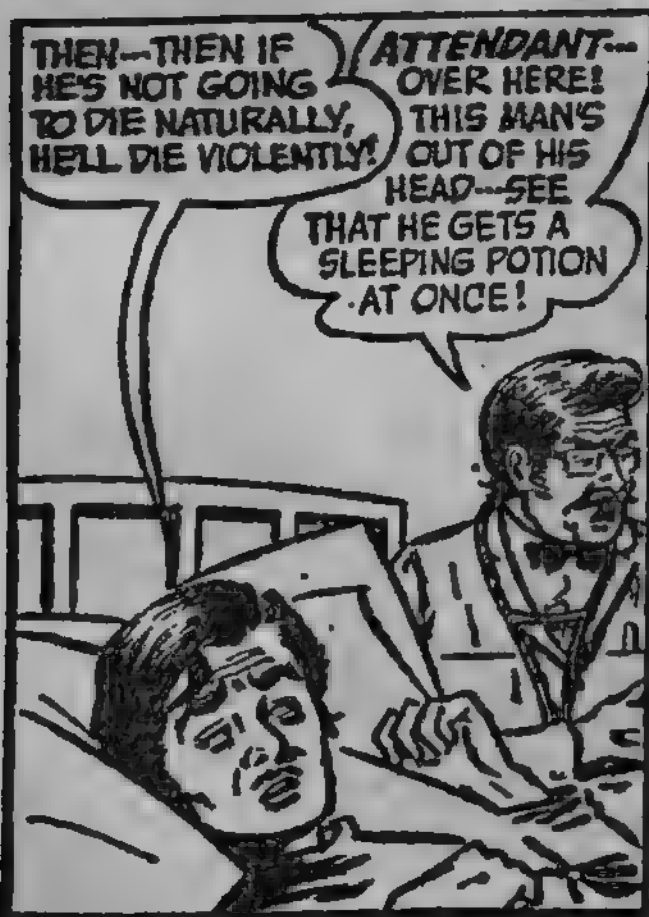
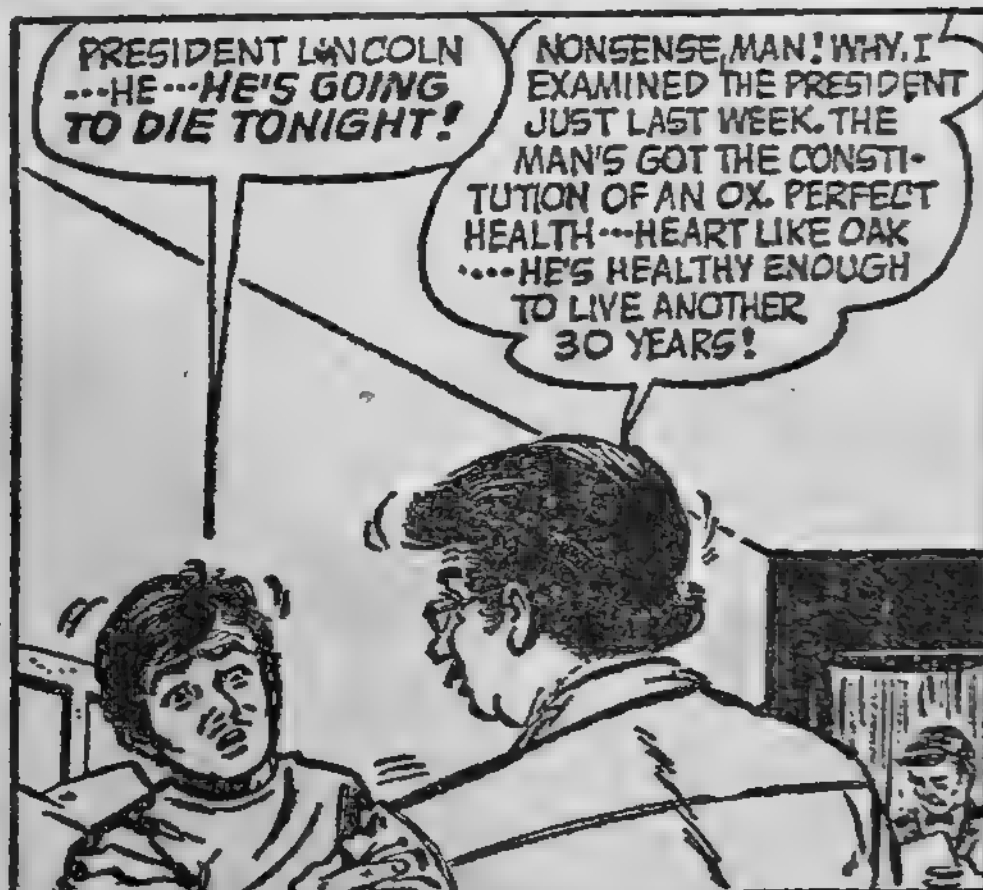
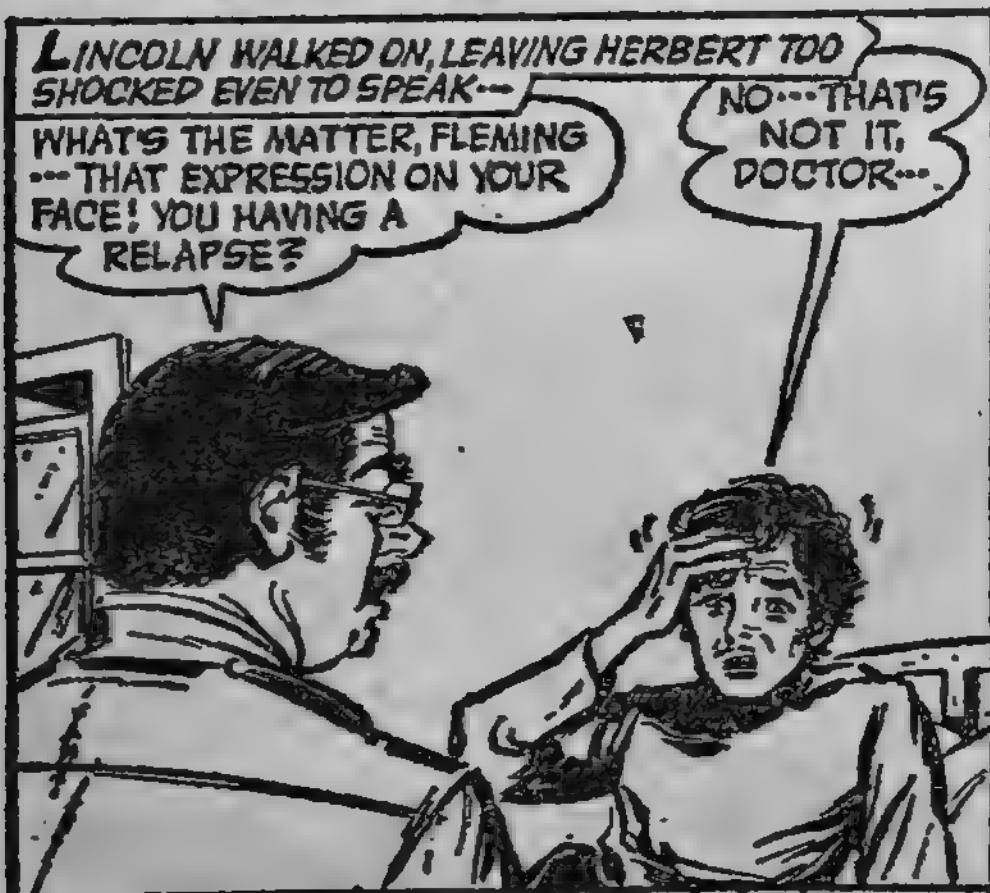
I GET SO TIRED OF JUST LYING HERE...WISH SOMETHING DIFFERENT WOULD HAPPEN TO VARY THE ROUTINE...



WELL...SOMETHING DIFFERENT DID HAPPEN! THE DATE WAS APRIL 14TH, 1865...AND THE WARDS BUZZED WITH THE ADVENT OF A GREAT VISITOR...

IT... IT'S PRESIDENT LINCOLN!





HIS UNIFORM WAS IN HIS LOCKER. PAINFULLY HE DRESSED, STOLE FROM THE HOSPITAL, HAILED A PASSING CARRIAGE--

HEY, WHAT...

I'VE GOT TO GET TO FORD'S THEATRE FAST!



BUT EVEN THEN--



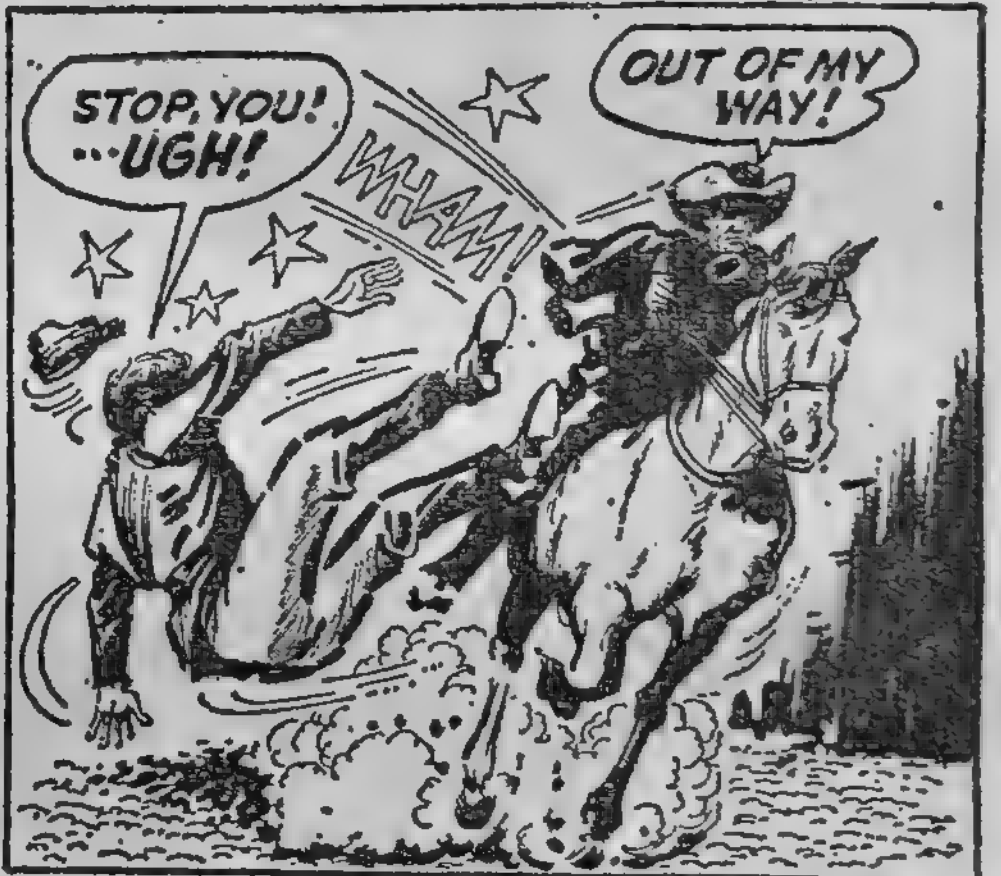
THAT'S THE MAN ...I CAN FEEL IT...

STAGE DOOR



STOP, YOU! ...UGH!

OUT OF MY WAY!



YES, HERBERT FLEMING HAD BEEN TOO LATE--

NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES!

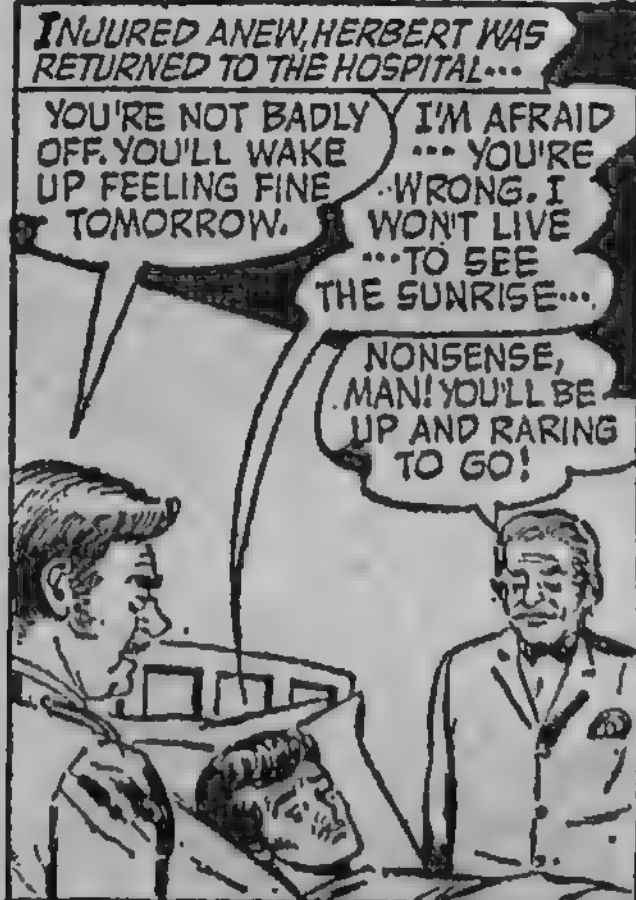


INJURED ANEW, HERBERT WAS RETURNED TO THE HOSPITAL--

YOU'RE NOT BADLY OFF. YOU'LL WAKE UP FEELING FINE TOMORROW.

I'M AFRAID ... YOU'RE WRONG. I WON'T LIVE ... TO SEE THE SUNRISE...

NONSENSE, MAN! YOU'LL BE UP AND RARING TO GO!



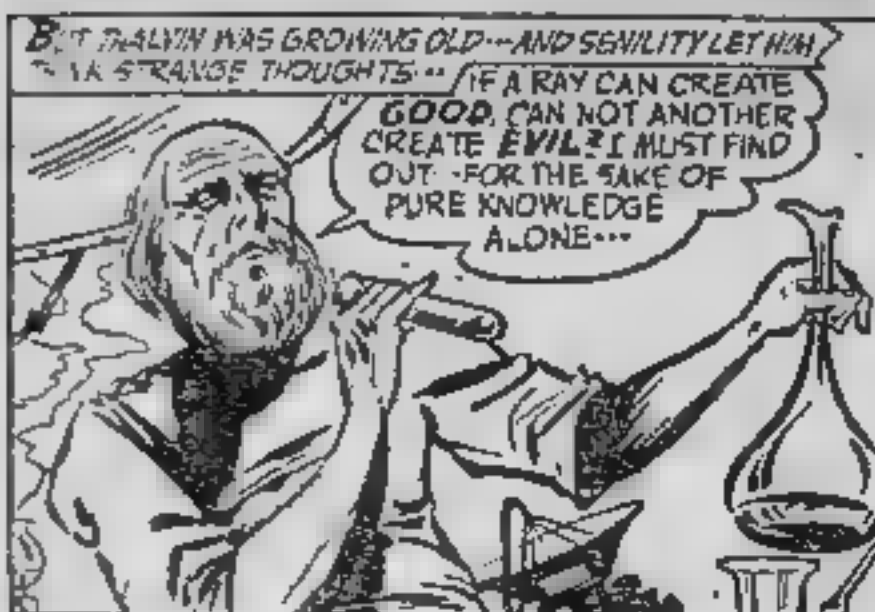
BUT NEXT MORNING--

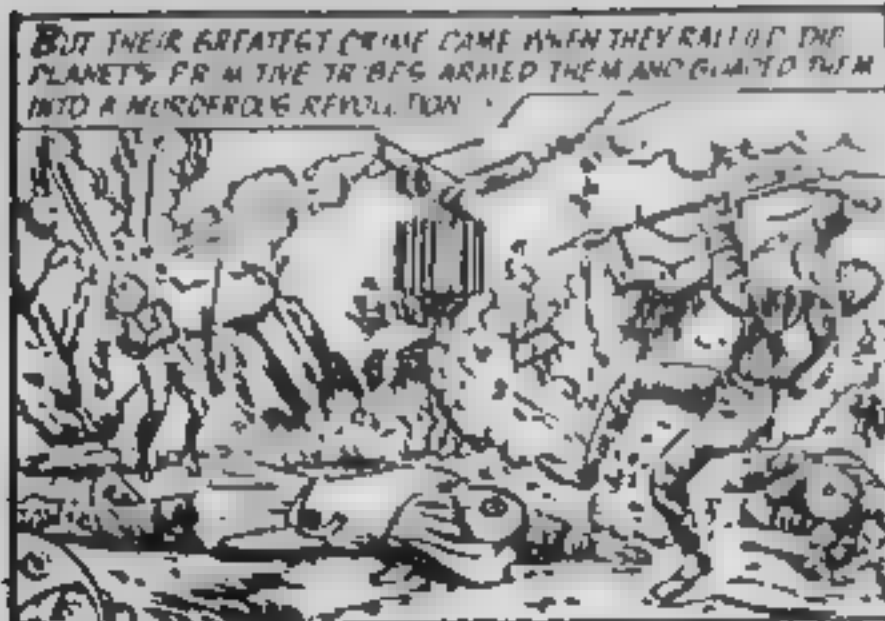
WELL, I'LL BE--! IT'S JUST AS HE SAID-- THIS MAN'S DEAD!



YES, EVERY DEATH THAT HERBERT FLEMING HAD PREDICTED TURNED OUT THAT WAY-- EVEN HIS OWN!

The END!







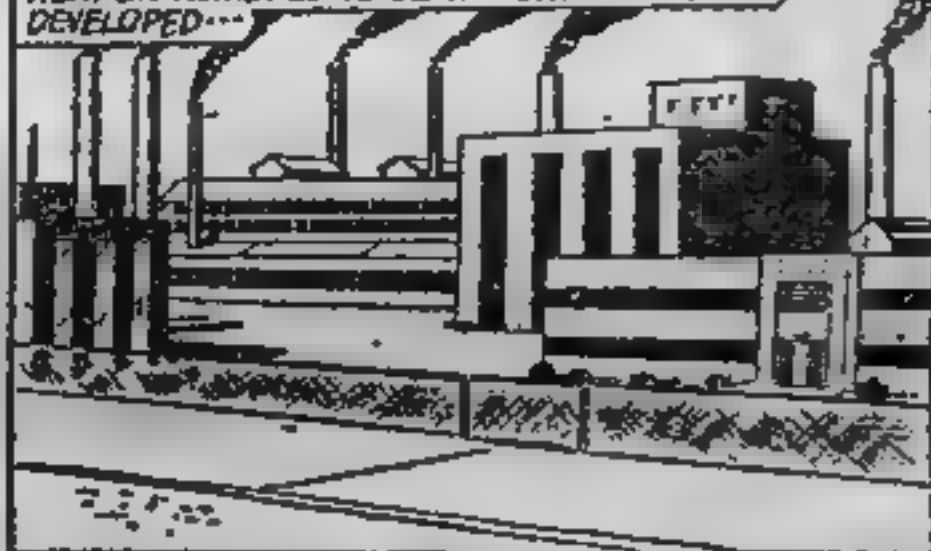
WHERE DID HE COME FROM, THIS STRANGE ANIMAL THAT WAS SO STRONG, SO WISE? THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE HAD SAVED AN ENTIRE PLANET--ALL THEY KNEW WAS THAT--

ROVER'S A GOOD DOG!

STORY-- DEREK RUTHERFORD



HERE'S THE PLANT OF FOSTER ELECTRONICS, INC.--ENGAGED IN DEVELOPING A TOP SECRET U.S. WEAPON RUMORED TO BE THE GREATEST EVER DEVELOPED--



NOW MEET ITS PRESIDENT AND INVENTOR OF THE NEW WEAPON--MR. KERMIT FOSTER, AT BREAKFAST WITH HIS WIFE--

THIS IS SUCH AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT TO LIVE--THERE AREN'T ANY FRIENDS FOR POOR LITTLE LARRY! HE'S SO LONESOME--

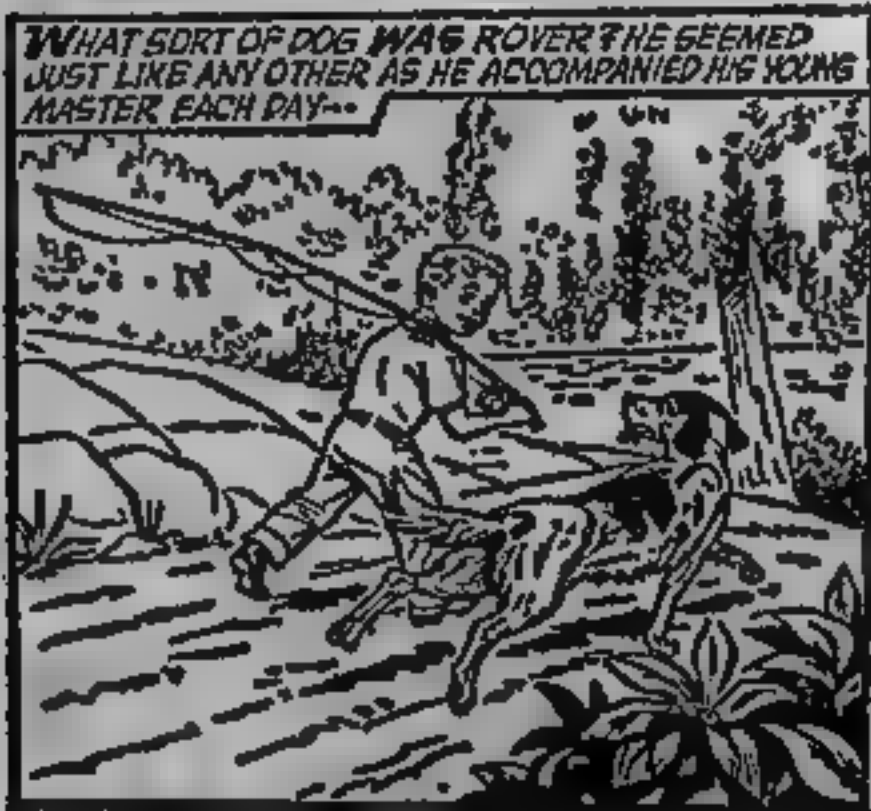
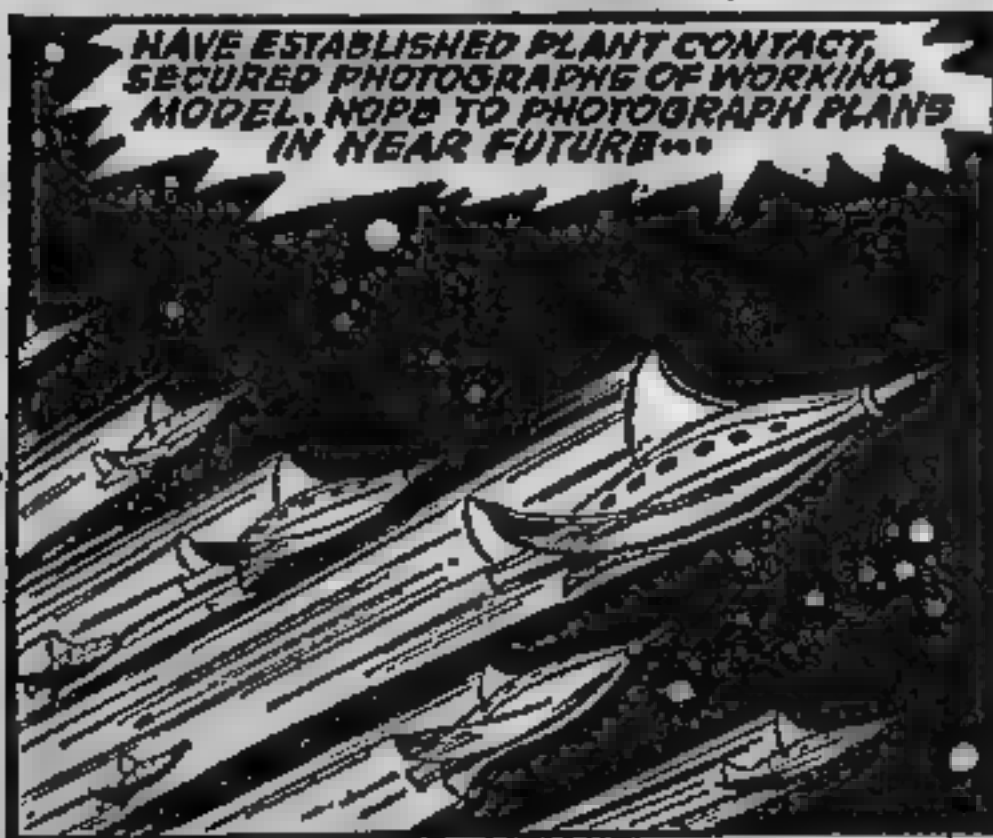
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO--MAKE A FRIEND FOR HIM? I WANT OUR SON TO BE HAPPY TOO, BUT WHAT CAN I DO?



LARRY--KEEP AWAY FROM THAT DOG! HE'S A STRAY--MAYBE HE'S VICIOUS!



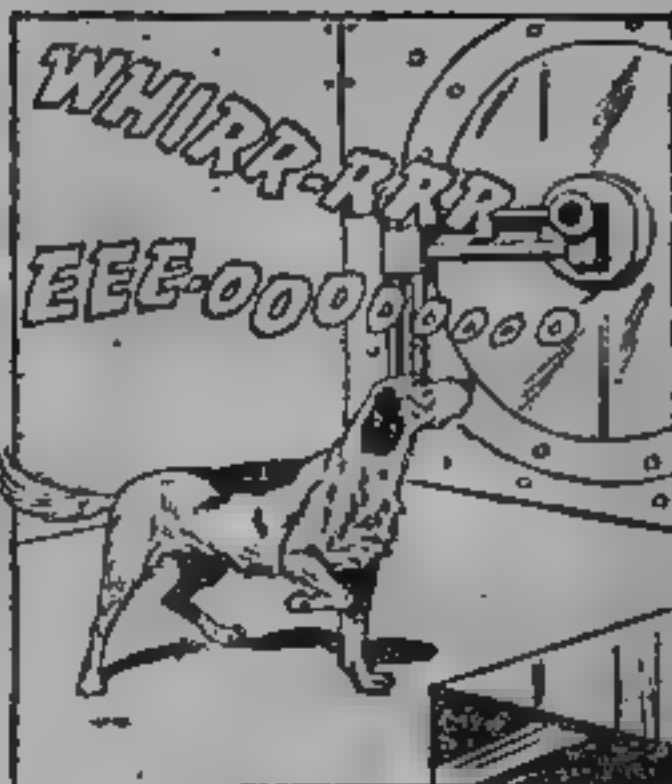




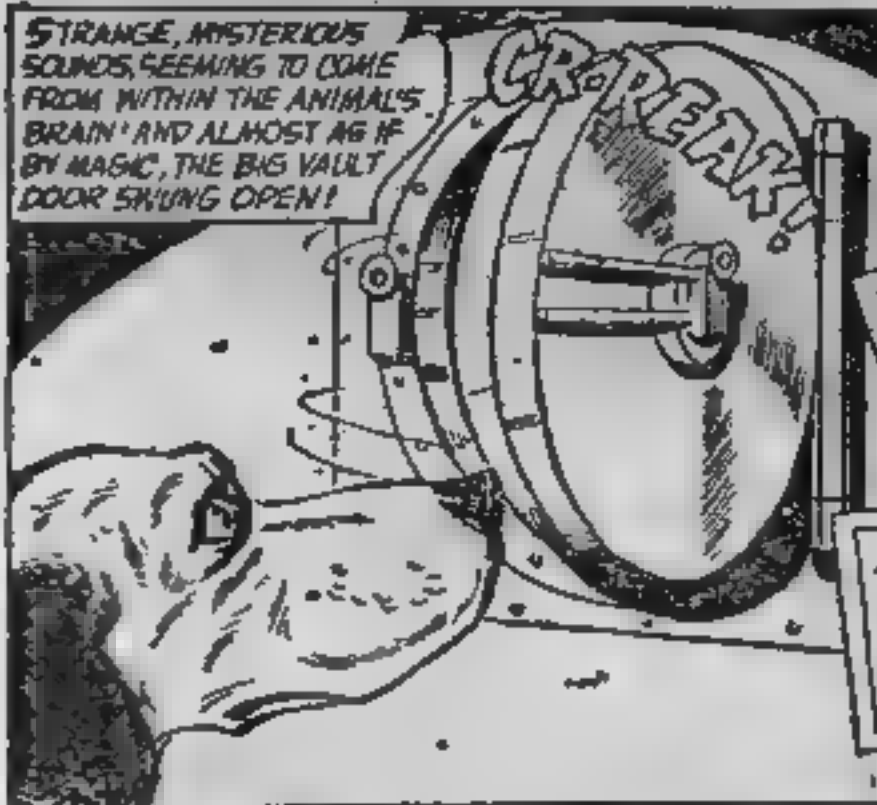


IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HE WAS A MIRACLE DOG--SO MUCH SO THAT MR. FOSTER DECIDED THAT HE SHOULD BE USED AS A NIGHT-TIME WATCHDOG AT THE PLANT, UNTIL THEY COULD DEVELOP A STRONGER SECURITY SYSTEM--

"NIGHT, ROVER - LARRY'LL PICK YOU UP IN THE MORNING" BY GEORGE, I FEEL SAFE WITH YOU AROUND HERE!



STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS, SEEMING TO COME FROM WITHIN THE ANIMAL'S BRAIN! AND ALMOST AS IF BY MAGIC, THE BIG VAULT DOOR SANG OPEN!



WITHIN THE VAULT, THE DETAILED PLANS OF THE ATMOSPHERE-IONIZING MACHINE. ROVER'S EYES FIXED RIGIDLY, UNWAVERINGLY UPON EACH--HIS PUPILS CONTRACTED IN ODD FASHION--



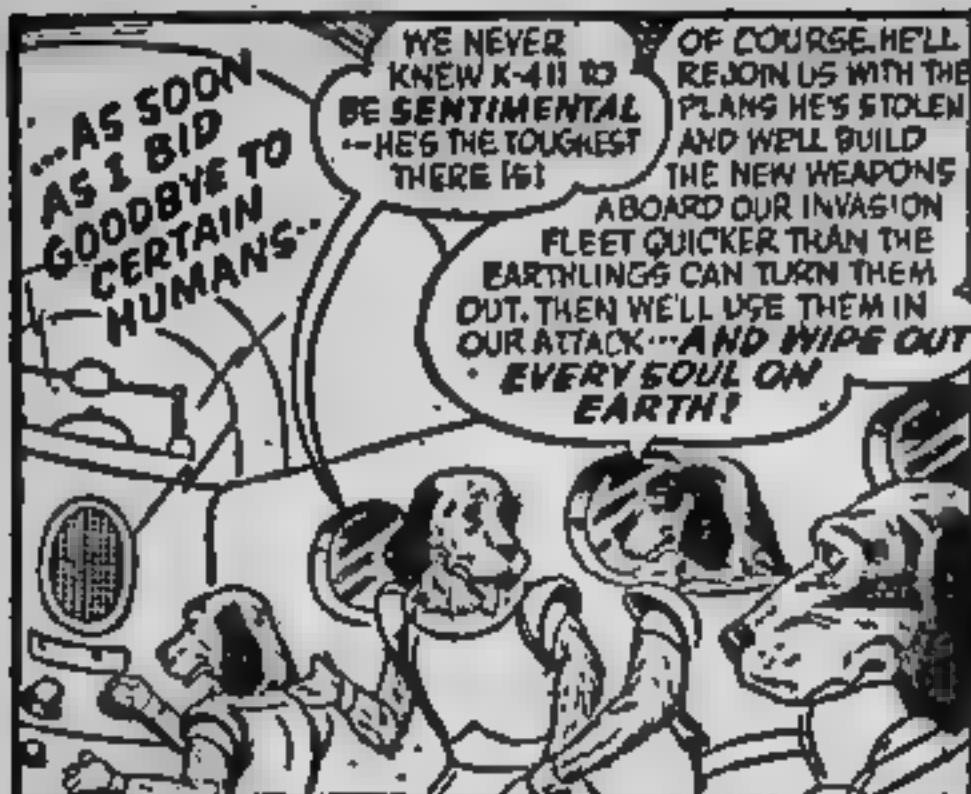
THE FOLLOWING DAY--:

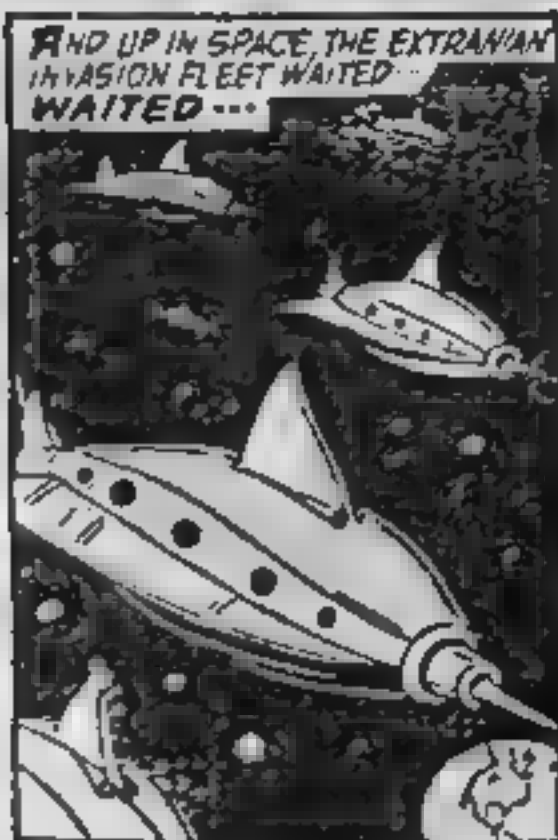
EXTRANIAN FLAGSHIP CALLING X-411! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU? WHEN WILL YOUR MISSION BE COMPLETE?



X-411 REPLYING, HAVE JUST COMPLETED PHOTOGRAPHING OF LAST PLANS. WILL JOIN YOU AS SOON AS I BID GOODBYE TO CERTAIN HUMANS--







THE VOICE FROM NOWHERE

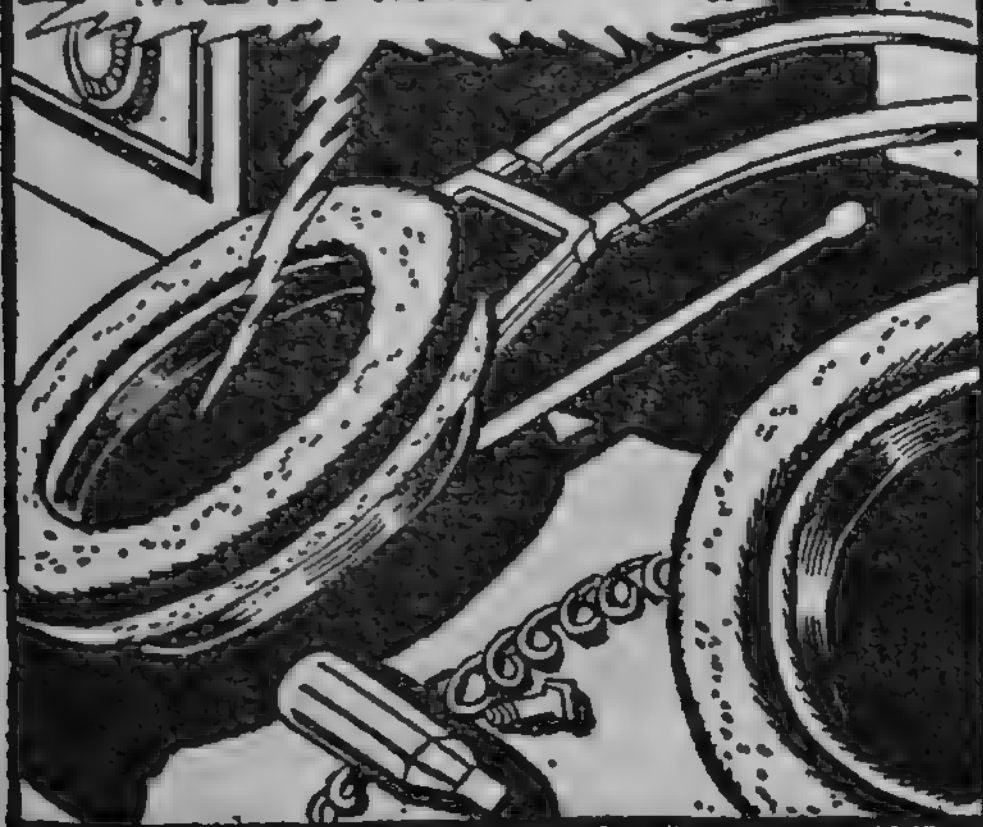
PHIL BELL WAS BY WAY OF BEING A GENIUS! A RADIO HAM, HE HAD IMAGINATION, A SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY AND A GENIUS FOR RADIO AND SOUND WAVES! HE WANTED TO PICK UP VOICES THAT NO MODERN MAN HAD EVER HEARD, TO LISTEN TO SOUNDS FROM THE BIRTH OF TIME... BUT PHIL DIDN'T REALIZE THAT HE WHO LISTENS, SOMETIMES HEARS THINGS HE DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR... PERHAPS EVEN... THE VOICE OF DOOM!!

ALMOST DONE! ONCE I GET THIS SET OPERATING, THE OTHER HAMS WILL QUIT KIDDING ME! IF IT ONLY WORKS! BUT, IT'S GOT TO! SCIENCE SAYS THAT SOUND NEVER DIES, THAT ALL THE SOUNDS EVER UTTERED STILL EXIST, SOMEWHERE IN THE ATMOSPHERE... AND THAT'S WHAT THIS SET WILL DO... PICK UP THOSE LONG DEAD SOUNDS, THE VOICES OF OTHER ERAS...



52632

HELLO!! COME IN, PHIL! HEY, PHIL, ARE YOU THERE?



HI, NEIGHBOR? HOW'S THE AIRWAVES? WHAT'S COOKIN'?



IT'S CARL!! SOME OF THE OTHER HAMS ARE DROPPING IN FOR A BULL SESSION! HOW ABOUT YOU COMING TOO? JOE'S COMING! HE GOT RED CHINA THIS MORNING! CLEAR, TOO!!



SURE, I'LL BE OVER...
IN ABOUT AN HOUR!
GOT SOME WORK TO
DO FIRST!!

THAT MYSTERY
SET OF YOURS?
O.K., KID,
SEE YOU
SOON!!



RED CHINA! ALL THE HAMS BOAST!
BUT WAIT UNTIL I GET THIS SET FINISHED..
I'LL SHOW THEM ALL A THING OR TWO!
ALMOST FINISHED NOW...



THAT DOES IT!! NOW TO
TRY IT OUT...

AT FIRST THERE WAS NOTHING
BUT A VAST BUZZ, AS THOUGH
GALACTIC WAVES WERE BRINGING
THE SOUND OF THE LIVING STARS
TO HIS EARS...

SOMETHING'S COMING
IN... I HEAR IT... FAINT...
BUT IT'S GETTING LOUDER...

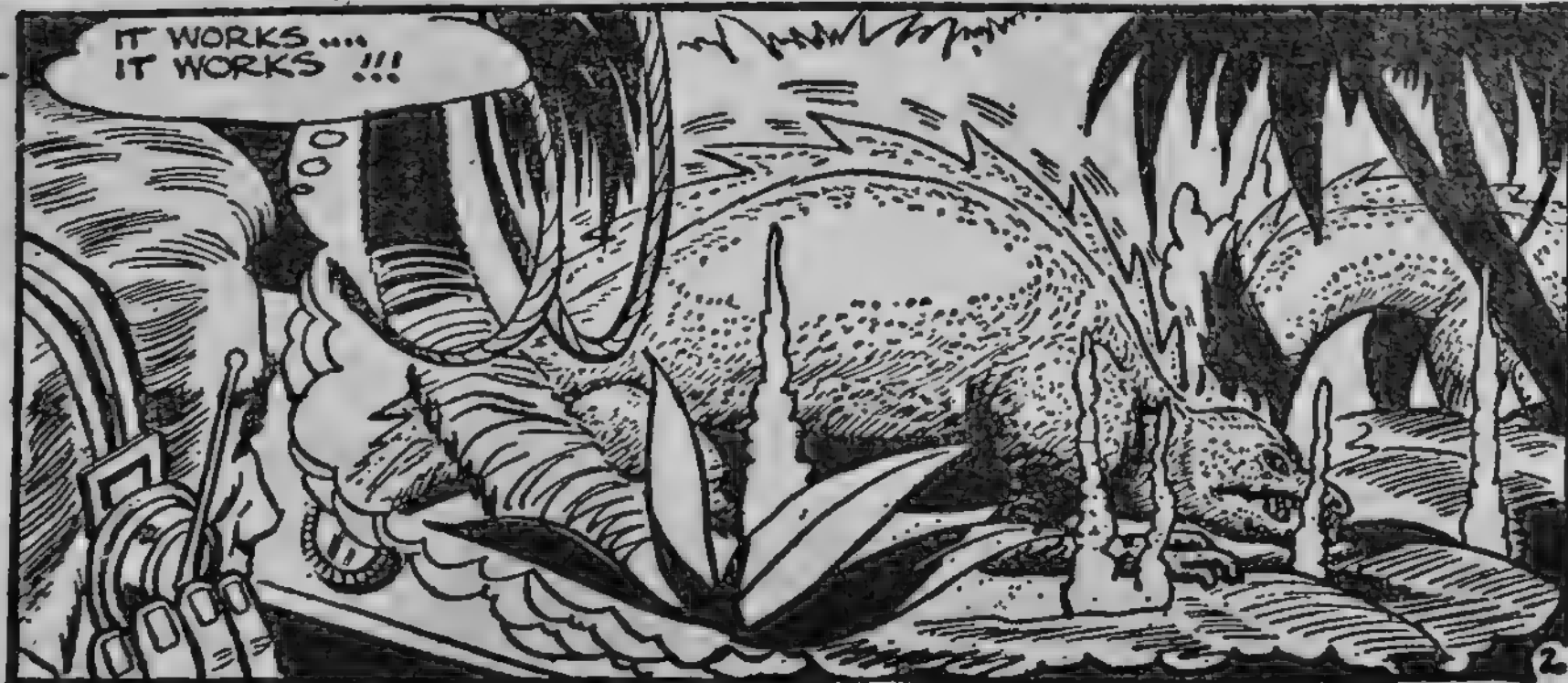


SUDDENLY A ROAR FILLED THE
EARDHONES, HIDEOUS, HUNGRY, EVIL..
THE SOUND OF A GREAT BEAST RAVENING
IN A PRIMEVAL JUNGLE...

(THE VOICE OF A GREAT BEAST..A
TYRANNOSAURUS, DEAD FOR MILLIONS
OF YEARS...)



HE COULD
ALMOST SMELL
IT'S FETID
HOT
BREATH,
MIXING WITH
THE
PRIMEVAL
JUNGLE
ODORS OF
ROTTING
VEGETATION..



IT WORKS...
IT WORKS !!!

SLOWLY HE TURNED THE DIAL AS THE VOICES OF THE AGES CAME FROM OUT OF BEYOND TO HIM! THE FIRST GRUNTING SOUNDS OF MAN'S HAIRY ANCESTORS, THE CLASH OF STEEL OF KNIGHTS IN TOURNAMENT...



ANCIENT RITES OF CRUEL CUTS, WITCH HUNTING IN OLD MASSACHUSETTS... THE SOUNDS OF EACH UNDYING ERA BURNING UNFORGETTABLE PICTURES IN HIS BRAIN.



HIS HAND, TREMBLING WITH EXCITEMENT, JERKED, MOVING THE DIAL FORWARD QUICKLY! A VOICE BLARED THROUGH THE EARPHONES...



...DAY IN MAY; CHURCHILL DOWNS, A FAST TRACK AND A GREAT RACE; MULTI-MAN, THE TWENTY-TO-ONE SHOT, RAN AWAY FROM THE FIELD TO WIN BY TWO LENGTHS! A THRILLING RACE THAT SAW... CLICK!!

SOMETHING WENT WRONG!! I'LL... HOLY COW, I FORGOT THE BULL SESSION AT CARL'S! BOY, I'LL REALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO BOAST ABOUT!!



KENTUCKY DERBY TOMOR...!!! WAIT A MINUTE, THAT LAST VOICE... HE SAID CHURCHILL DOWNS! THAT'S THE KENTUCKY DERBY! BUT THIS IS TODAY'S PAPER, AND THE RACE ISN'T UNTIL TOMORROW, SO HOW COULD HE HAVE...???



MY HAND TWITCHED, PULLED THE DIAL ALL THE WAY OVER! THAT VOICE WAS FROM... FROM THE FUTURE! THAT WAS TOMORROW'S NEWS BROADCAST! I CAN TUNE IN TO THE FUTURE AS WELL AS THE PAST!! WAIT UNTIL THE GUYS HEAR ABOUT THIS! I'LL FIX WHATEVER'S WRONG WITH THE SET LATER!



PHIL
HURRIED
TO CARL'S
HOUSE,
AND
TO THE
ASSEMBLED
HAMS,
BLURTED
OUT HIS
NEWS!

AW, COME ON, PHIL...WE ALL
BOAST, BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH
TO SWALLOW! A SET THAT CAN
TUNE IN TO
THE PAST
AND THE
FUTURE!

I TELL YOU IT DOES!! LISTEN, I
HEARD TOMORROW'S NEWS, THE WINNER OF THE
KENTUCKY DERBY...MULTI-MAN, WON BY
TWO LENGTHS....



THIS PROVES YOU'RE
LIEIN'! THAT NAG
COULDN'T BEAT A
FLOW HORSE!
I'LL BET HE
DOESN'T
WIN!!

ALL RIGHT,
YOU'VE GOT
A BET! NOW
I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK...
GOT TO FIX
THE SET!!



PHIL WENT HOME AND FOUND
WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THE SET
AND FIXED IT!! BY THAT TIME
HE WAS EXHAUSTED....

I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO
TOUCH THE DIAL! IF I START
I'LL NEVER GET ANY REST! I'LL
TUNE IT IN IN THE MORNING!!



GOT TO HANDLE THAT SET
CAREFULLY! IF ONE OF THOSE
TUBES SHOULD HAPPEN TO SHORT,
IT COULD START A CHAIN FIRE...
MAYBE EXPLODE....



IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON BEFORE PHIL AWOK!!
HE WENT IMMEDIATELY TO HIS SETS, EATING
BREAKFAST AS HE WORKED WITH THEM!!

...GET VOICES FROM FURTHER IN THE FUTURE MAYBE
AND...WAIT A MINUTE! JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!
I CAN GET FUTURE NEWS AND MAKE BETS..MAKE A
FORTUNE! I CAN EVEN GO
FURTHER THAN THAT! WHY, THE
FUTURE CAN

BE AN
OPEN
BOOK TO
ME...



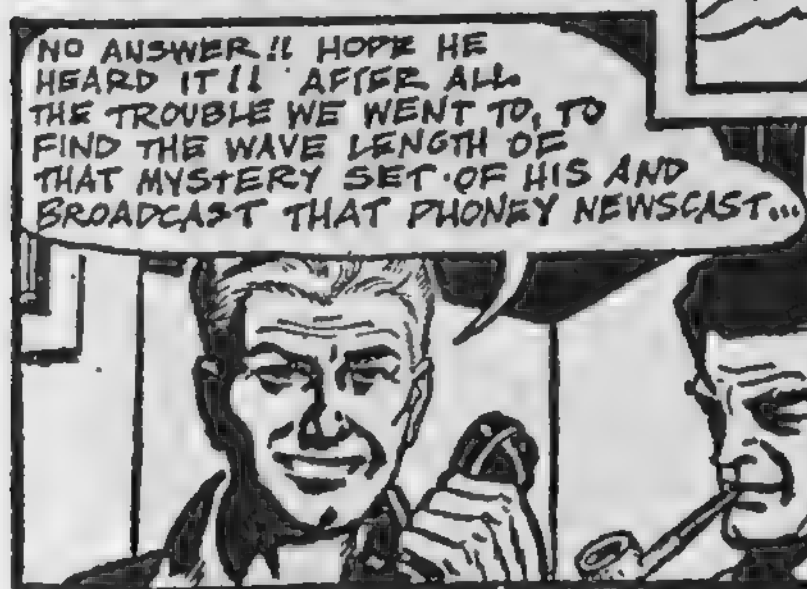
MULTI-MAN, THE TWENTY-
TO-ONE SHOT RAN AWAY
FROM THE FIELD TO
WIN BY TWO
LENGTHS!! IT
WAS A
THRILLING
RACE
THAT...

IT WAS TRUE!!
I CAN HEAR THE
FUTURE!! HA, I'VE
GOT TO PLOT,
PLAN HOW BEST TO
USE THIS POWER! WHY,
I CAN BECOME
THE MOST
POWERFUL
MAN IN
THE
WORLD
...I CAN
RULE THE
WORLD...





HE GAZED STUPIDLY AT THIS MONSTER HE HAD MADE THAT WOULD DESTROY HIM! AND SUDDENLY, MANIACAL RAGE SWEEPED THROUGH HIM LIKE A TORNADO, SNATCHING AWAY ALL REASON, LEAVING ONLY UNTHINKING FEAR AND RAGE!!



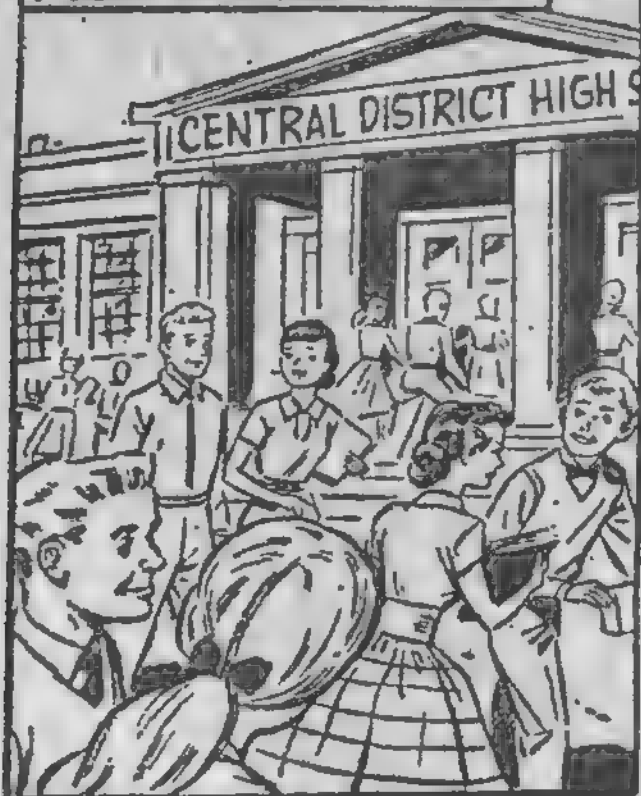
THINGS NEVER SEEMED TO BREAK RIGHT FOR TED HARRISON. READ HIS AMAZING STORY AND DECIDE WHETHER HE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE COMPLAINED THAT...

SOME GUYS HAVE ALL the LUCK!

STORY: KURATO
OSAKI
ART: PETE
COSTANZA



HERE'S THE CENTRAL DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL, THROGGING WITH STUDENTS OF ALL TYPES. OUR STORY'S GOING TO CONCERN ITSELF WITH ONE OF THEM...



...THIS ONE...TED HARRISON!
THE EMPEROR LARENUS WAS RICH...HE WANTED FOR NOTHING! EVERY WISH OF HIS WAS ANSWERED...



SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK! WHY COULDN'T THAT HAVE BEEN ME?

HOMeward BOUND AFTER SCHOOL, HE SHORT-CUTTED ACROSS A VACANT FARM...

WHAT DID THAT OL' EMPEROR HAVE THAT I HAVEN'T GOT? HE HAD LUCK, THAT'S WHAT! HE ...WHAT'S THAT?



HELP!
HELP!





TED TRIED TO EXPLAIN, BUT MR. FEEZLEWIT DIDN'T SEEM TO QUITE GET IT. BUT AT LAST...

OH, I'M BEGINNING TO SEE -- A MODE OF TRANSPORTATION THAT CAN CARRY ONE ANYWHERE SPEEDILY... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? WAIT HERE A MOMENT... I HAVE JUST THE THING!



HERE! USE IT WELL!



WHAT THE...!



WHAT IS THIS, HIS IDEA OF A JOKE? I ASK FOR A JALOP AND WHAT DO I GET? -- A SHABBY OLD RUG!



WOTTA SENSE OF HUMOR -- GR-RRRR! I'M SO MAD I CAN'T MOVE ANOTHER STEP!

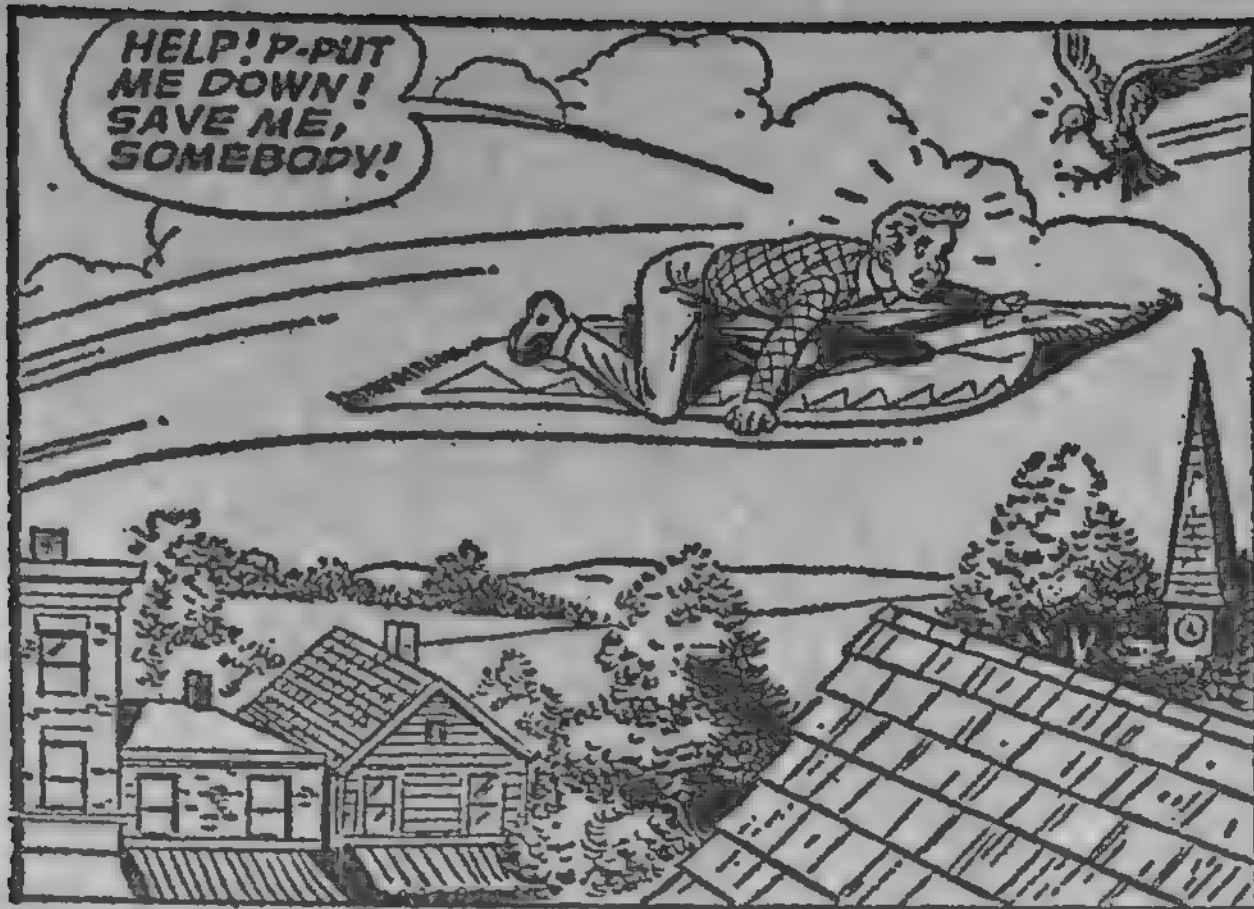


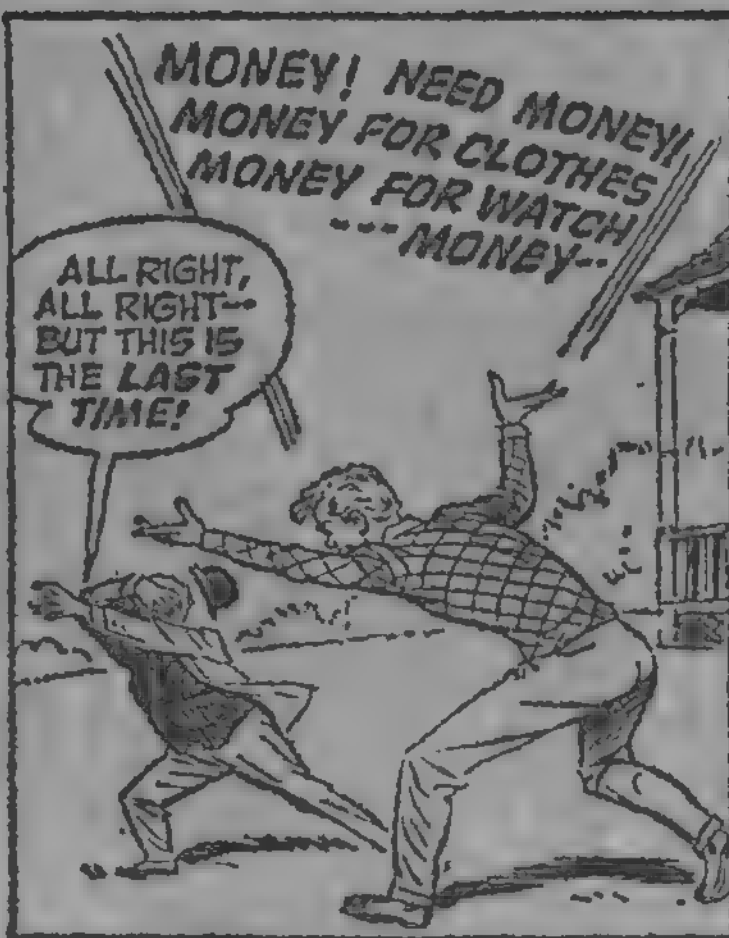
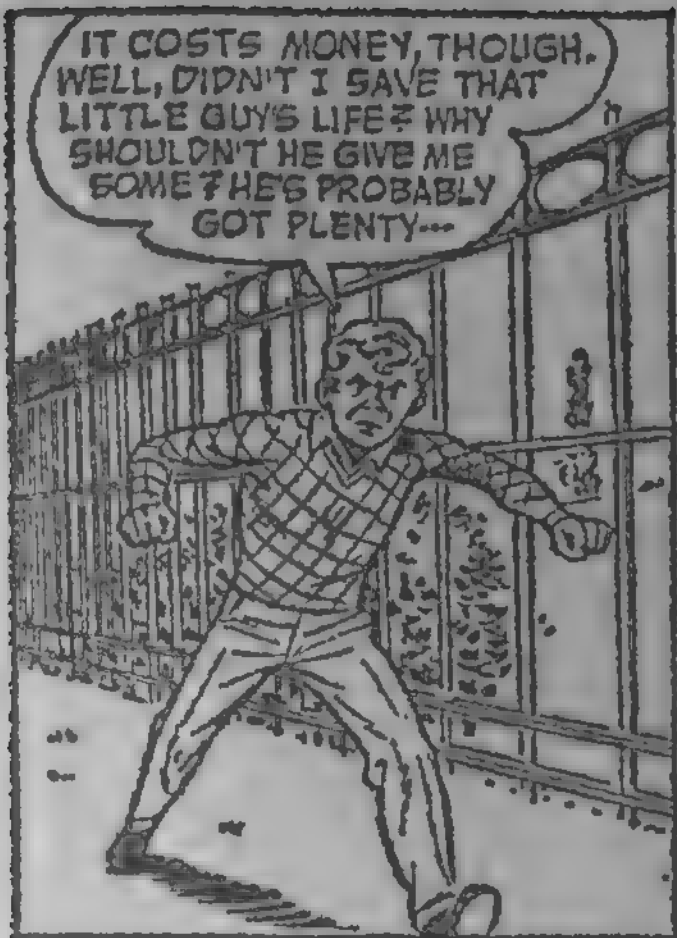
GOLLY, WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF I COULD BREEZE PAST MABEL AND OSCAR RIGHT NOW IN A CLASSY JOB? GURE WISH I COULD...

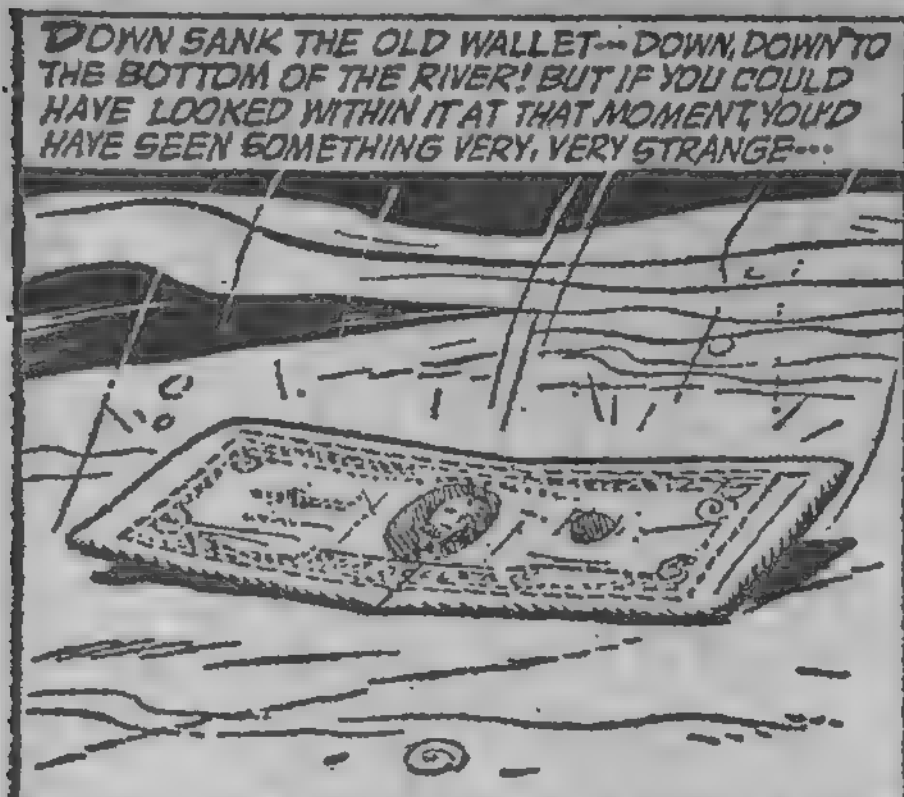


YEEEE-OOWWWW!

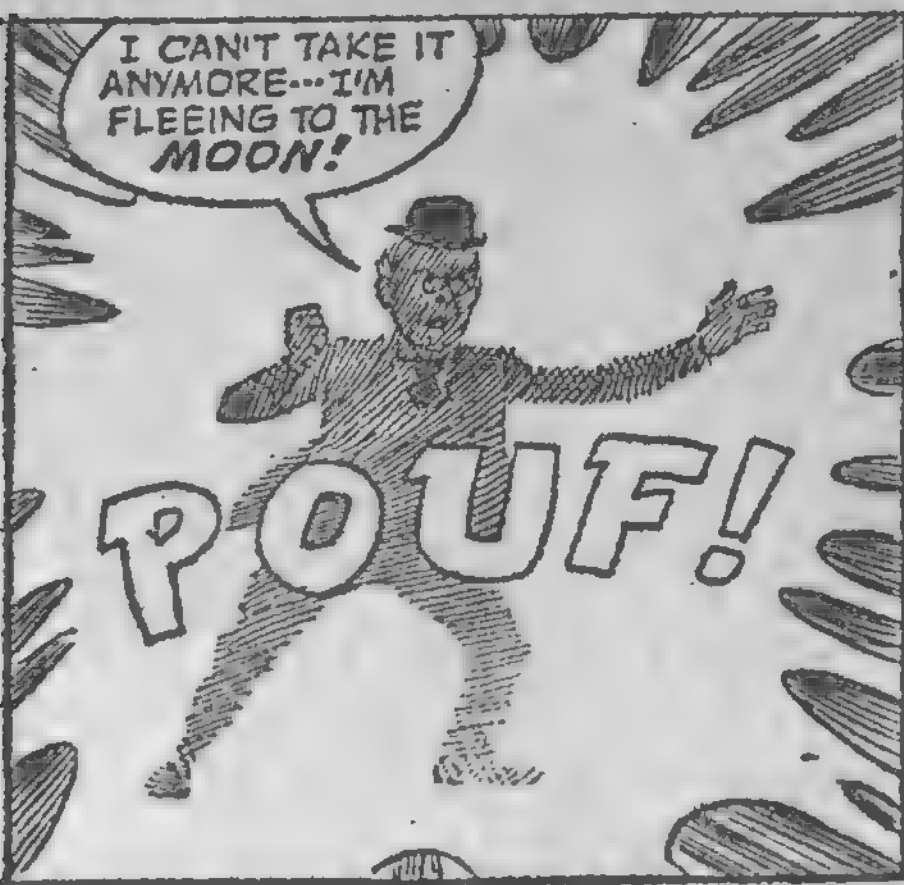








THAT'S RIGHT-- IT'S ANOTHER FIVE DOLLAR
BILL MAKING ITS APPEARANCE! AND IF THAT HAD
BEEN SPENT, THERE'D HAVE BEEN ANOTHER--
AND ANOTHER-- WITHOUT END!



HERE'S THE BREATHLESS AND MYSTIFYING TALE OF THE

GIFT OF the UNKNOWN!

STORY BY H. H. CASH

ART BY TOM HOFFY



THERE ARE HUMANS WHO FROM BIRTH ONWARD ARE SINGLED OUT BY THE FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN...

BECAUSE OF THE MYSTIC GIFT I CONFER UPON YOU, YOU WILL CHANGE THE LIVES OF MANY WITH WHOM YOU COME IN CONTACT. THIS POWER WILL SHOW ITSELF WHEN MANHOOD IS UPON YOU...



WE SEE RICHARD TREVELYAN NEXT ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY. SON OF A WELL-KNOWN TORY FAMILY IN AMERICA HE WAS SEEKING SERVICE WITH COLONEL MORRISON, THE LOCAL REDCOAT COMMANDANT...

AS YOU KNOW, A BAND OF YANKEES HAS BEEN RADING OUR INSTALLATIONS. THEY'VE FLED INTO THE BACK COUNTRY AND I WISH TO PURSUE WITH A GUDE WHO KNOWS THE AREA.



I'M YOUR MAN, SIR!

AND SO THEY SET OUT...



THERE THEY GO. THERE'LL BE MANY A STRANGE THING THAT HAPPENS ON THIS FATEFUL TRIP... BECAUSE OF THE GIFT WE'VE GIVEN THEM...

IT HAPPENED ON THE VERY NEXT DAY...A STRANGE FLASH THAT SEEMED TO BLAZE WITHIN HIS BRAIN, TO SOUND A DEAD WARNING...



HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY HE ACTED AS HE DID...HE WAS COMPELLED BY SOME STRANGE FORCE WITHIN HIM...



ARE YOU CRAZY, YOU YOUNG FOOL? WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF...



HIS EXCUSE WAS A FALSE ONE...IT WAS JUST THAT HE COULDN'T EXPLAIN HIS ACTION, THEY DEPARTED WITH NOT EVEN RICHARD KNOWING THAT HE'D KNOCKED THE COLONEL AWAY FROM...



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS THE TROOP CONTINUED ON THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN PATRIOTS...



NOBODY SAW THE INDIAN... BUT ONCE AGAIN, THE STRANGE LIGHT SEEMED TO EXPLODE WITHIN RICHARD TREVELYAN'S BRAIN. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY HE SPURRED HIS HORSE FORWARD...



YOU MANIAC...WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, KILL ME?



ONCE AGAIN, A LIE... BECAUSE HE DIDN'T KNOW THE REASON FOR HIS OWN ACTION! NOBODY SAW WHAT WAS EMBEDDED IN A TREE NEARBY... IN THE DIRECT LINE OF WHERE THE COLONEL WOULD HAVE BEEN IF RICHARD HADN'T ACTED...



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, THE REGIMENT SLEPT IN THE WOODS. ALL WAS QUIET...



THEN...SUDDENLY...



THAT WEIRD LIGHT INSIDE MY SKULL...IT WOKE ME! WHY DO I HAVE...A PRESENTIMENT OF TERRIBLE DANGER? WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...**GOT TO...**

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DANGER...**WHAT** DANGER? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MAN?

PLEASE, PLEASE YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT...IT'S **DEATH** TO STAY HERE!



HE WAS SO AGITATED THAT THE COLONEL ACCEDED. THE TROOP WAS AWAKENED, AND RICHARD GUIDED THEM HURRIEDLY OUT OF THE AREA...

IF ANYBODY EVER TOLD ME THAT I'D BE RUNNING AWAY FROM A PERIL I DIDN'T EVEN **KNOW**...



WAIT...I SMELL **SMOKE!**

WILDFIRE! IT WAS ROARING THROUGH THE WOODS, CLOSE BEHIND THEM! THEY FLED FOR THEIR VERY LIVES...



KEEP CLOSE TOGETHER...AND FOLLOW ME...

AT LAST...SAFETY...

CAN YOU IMAGINE IF WE HADN'T BEEN AWAKENED? WE'D HAVE BEEN **BURNED TO ASHES!**

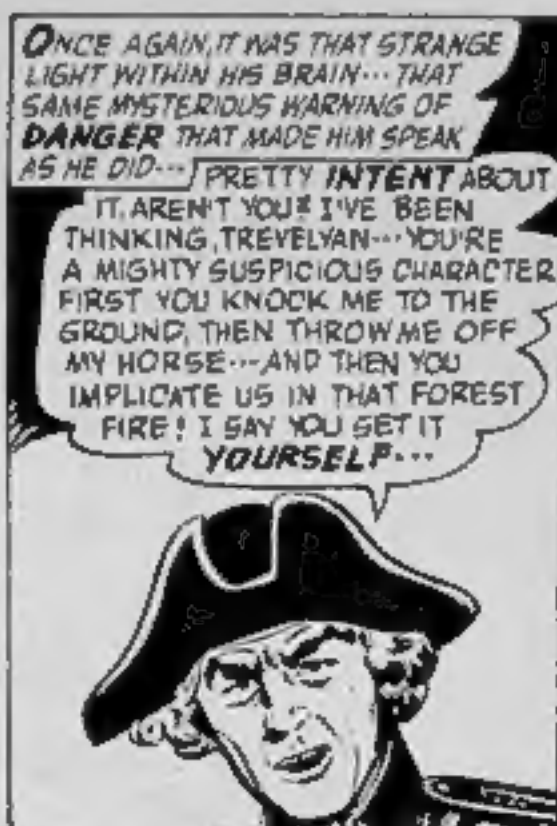


AT LENGTH, STILL ON THE TRAIL OF THE YANKEE RAIDERS, THEY CAME TO A FORK IN THE ROAD...

FRESH TRACKS OF MARCHING MEN, HEADED INTO THE RIGHT-HAND FORK. SO THAT'S WHERE WE FOLLOW!

WHY, WHEN THEY MAY HAVE AN AMBUSH GET UP FOR US? THE MAP SHOWS THAT BOTH FORKS INTERSECT SOME MILES FURTHER UP...

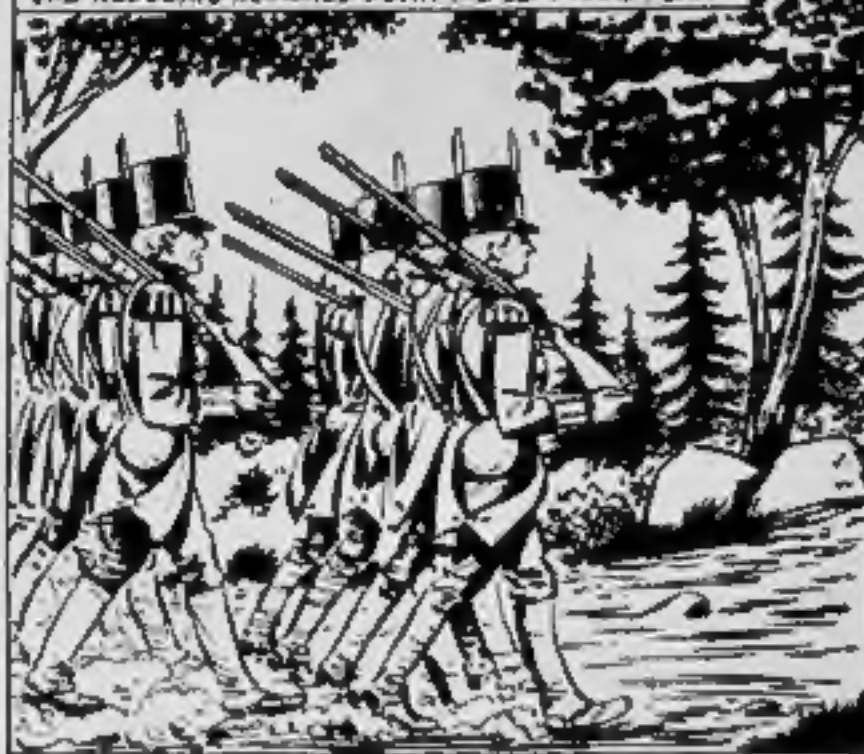




BUT HIS PROTESTS WERE USELESS. RICHARD TREVELYAN MET THE FATE OF ALL SUSPECTED SPIES IN THE FIELD OF ACTION...



THE REDCOATS MARCHED DOWN THE LEFT-HAND FORK...



... ONLY TO DIE IN THE AMBUSH THAT THE YANKEES HAD PLANTED FOR THEM!



RICHARD TREVELYAN MIGHT HAVE SAVED THEM-- FOR THE GIFT THAT THE UNKNOWN HAD GIVEN HIM WAS THE ABILITY TO SENSE PERIL! HE'D USED IT TO PROTECT COLONEL MORRISON AND HIS REDCOATS-- UNTIL THEY'D KILLED HIM!



THE END

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